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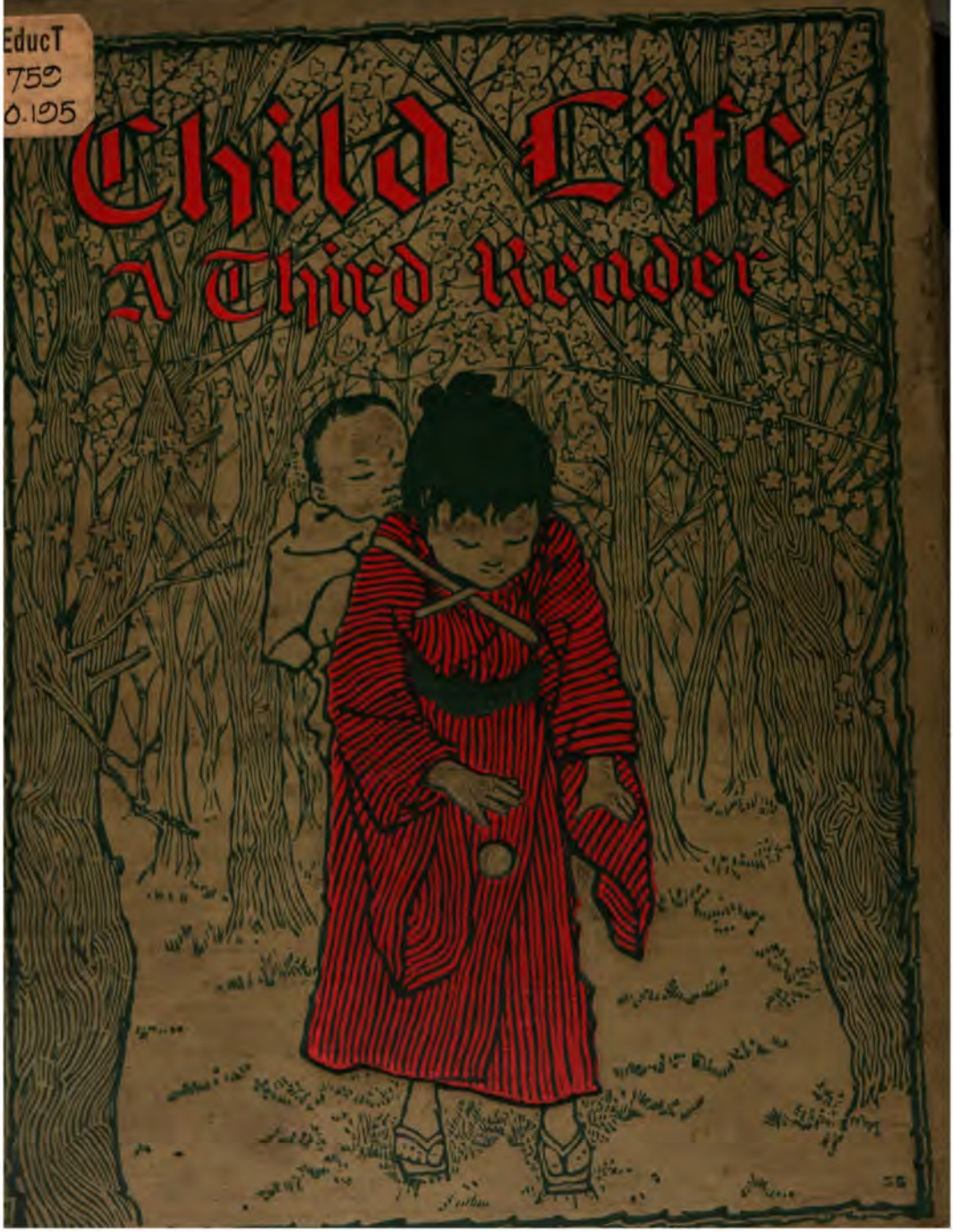
Child Life

A Third Reader



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CHILD LIFE

IN MANY LANDS

A THIRD READER

BY

ETTA AUSTIN BLAISDELL

AND

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL

AUTHORS OF "CHILD LIFE," "CHILD LIFE IN TALE AND FABLE," AND "CHILD LIFE IN LITERATURE"

New York

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PREFACE

THIS book, the third in the Child Life series, has been prepared with the purpose of adding interest to the drill necessary in learning to read, of stimulating an interest in the child life of many lands and the habits and customs of the children of many nations, and of broadening the field of literature for the pupils.

As soon as children have mastered the mechanical details of reading, their chief effort should be given to the work of reading intelligently, for on this depends their school-work and their fund of general information in later years. It is hoped that these lessons will be especially valuable in cultivating this power.

The stories in this book are either founded on historic fact, or selected from the classic literature of the different countries; and the poems have been chosen for their literary merit, many of them being well worth learning by heart.

Attention is called to the notes and vocabulary at the end of the book, both of which should be of value to the pupils.

NOTE TO TEACHERS

"CHILD Life in Many Lands" contains lessons about the life and customs in foreign countries, which are supplemented by stories, myths, and tales.

Each selection has been prepared with a definite purpose, — to introduce the pupil to the children of other lands, to lead him to compare the myths and tales of different nations, and to emphasize the distinctive characteristics of a country; always with the underlying thought of teaching him to read intelligently.

In order that these ends may be accomplished the teacher should ask questions about the lesson that has been read, require definite answers and concise statements, ask for short written accounts of a part of the lesson, have the story told and written briefly, call attention to the salient points of each lesson, teach the pupils to select important facts; in short, teach them to read so that the contents of a geography or history will be to them more than idle words.

The notes should be read by the pupils both before and after the lessons, and the vocabulary should be used constantly for pronunciation and definition. Children cannot learn too soon to depend on themselves for these essentials.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* māde
ă " răt
ȧ " ȧsk
ä " fär
â " fâll
ã " cãre
a̤ " a̤bove

ē *as in* mē
ĕ " lĕt
ẽ " hẽr
e̤ " hundre̤d

ī *as in* rīde
ĭ " pĭn
ĩ " fĩr
ȳ " flȳ
y̆ " prettY̆

ō *as in* ōld
ŏ " ŏn
ȯ " lȯve
ö " möve
ô " fôr
o̤ " parlo̤r

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ " cŭp
u̇ " fu̇ll

o͝o *as in* bo͝ot
o͝o " fo͝ot

ç *as in* miçe
n̲ " ban̲k
ġ " caġe
s̲ " eyes̲

CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS

A THIRD READER

CHILD LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS

yärn	wō′v̸n	dē pĕn′dĭng
flăx	ĕs tăb′lĭsh̸d	măg ạ zine′
căb′ĭn	cọ lō′nĭ ạl	tī′thĭng-man

Many boys enjoy spending their holidays in the woods and fields, building tents and camps, rowing and paddling about in the streams, fishing, or playing among the rocks.

Sometimes they even live for a few days in the woods, building huts, catching fish, picking berries, and cooking their own food.

Do they ever think, I wonder, that many, many years ago their great-great-grandfathers lived in this way from necessity?

When the Pilgrims came to this country there were no houses, no churches, no schools and no shops. Each man had to build his own home, make a part of his furniture, raise his crops, hunt and fish.

The first houses were built of logs, the cracks were filled with mud, and the windows were made of oiled paper. There was no paper on the walls, and the floors were covered with clean, dry sand. There were no stoves. A huge fireplace, so large that seats were placed in it beside the fire, took up one side of the room, and the kettles for cooking were hung over the blazing logs.

The only light at night was given by candles which were made by hand.

Flax was raised, spun, and woven into linen and cloth; sheep furnished wool for woollen cloth, and for the yarn which was knit into stockings.

The children had little time for playing games, and they had very few toys. The girls had rude dolls made of wood or rags, and the boys had kites, tops, marbles, and balls, but these were almost always home-made.

They made also with the jack-knife, which was their proudest possession, pop-guns, willow whistles, windmills, water-wheels, bows and arrows, slings and box-traps.

The games which the children played are familiar now, — hop-scotch, blindman's buff, cat's cradle, and many singing games.

The first schools were kept in the cabins, and the good women who taught the children often cooked or sewed while the pupils studied and recited their lessons. The girls carried their work-boxes to the dame-schools and learned to sew and knit as well as to read and write.

When they had learned to read, there were few books and no magazines nor papers for them to enjoy. "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe,"

"Æsop's Fables" and "Gulliver's Travels" were almost the only books for children which had been published, and these were very expensive.

But there was one book which the little ones loved, which every child loves to-day, — Mother Goose's Melodies. Then there were the stories of Cinderella, Tom Thumb, Red Riding Hood, and a host of others which the Pilgrim mothers had learned during their own childhood, and which were told and retold in the long winter evenings.

The churches were built even before the school-houses, and all the little ones went to church with their parents every Sunday.

The Sabbath began on Saturday afternoon at sunset. Then all work and play was ended.

The next morning, very early, the people were up and dressed, ready to go to meeting, the women carrying foot-stoves, and the men armed with guns.

No church bells rang out on the still morning air, but a man stood at the door, beating a drum.

The men and women took their places, and the children were all seated together.

The sermon was often three hours long, but there was very little playing or whispering among the

little ones. In the back of the church stood a man armed with a long pole, on one end of which was a knob, on the other a squirrel's tail.

If a child laughed or spoke, he received a smart tap on the head; if he nodded or closed his eyes, the tithing-man crept up and tickled his face with the soft, furry tail.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

dĭn′ġў	săm′plēr	mŭl tĭ plĭ cā′tion
grăd′ū ạl lў	ăl′phạ bĕt	lŭx′ū rў
spĕc′tạ clȼş	ĕd′ū cāt ĕd	fĕr′ule
ŏf fĕn′dērş	ạ rĭth′mę̄ tĭc	prō fĕs′sion

Imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor. The windows turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass.

The scholars sit on long benches with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so wide that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney-corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests

to keep people warm without digging into the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up into the chimney! Every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room. It sails slowly over the heads of the pupils, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are already blackened with the smoke of many years.

Next look at the master's chair. It is placed, you see, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the glow of the fire is felt without being too hot.

Do you see the aged schoolmaster, severe and stern, with a black cap on his head, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his waist?

What boy would dare to play or whisper while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

But where are the girls and the little boys, do you ask?

They do not attend Master Cheever's school. The girls go to a school which is taught by a woman, where they learn a little reading and writing, and where they are also taught to work a sampler and to sew. Have you never seen the sampler which your great-grandmother worked when she was only seven years old? It has the letters of the alphabet, her name and age, and a little verse, with a border of flowers, all worked in colored silks.

The little boys also go to a dame-school until they are able to read; then they are allowed to come here.

I wish that you could take a peep into one of the dame-schools, and see the little fellows standing before the mistress. They hold their horn-books while she points to the letters with a knitting needle, and they call the names at the top of their voices. A strange way of learning to read, is it not? But that is the way all the girls and boys began their reading, not very many years ago.

But Master Cheever is rapping on his desk with the heavy iron ruler, and school is begun. What a murmur of tongues, like the whispering leaves of an oak tree, as the scholars study their lessons!

Buzz! buzz! buzz! In just such a noise has good Master Cheever spent about sixty years, and it seems as pleasant to him as the hum of a bee-hive when the bees are busy in the sunshine.

A class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and small-clothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to college, and educated for a profession.

Old Master Cheever has seen so many school-boys grow up to be men, that he can almost tell what sort of a man each boy will be.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be merchants and shopkeepers. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for all sorts of manufactured wares, or to the West

Indies for sugar and molasses. Others will stand behind counters and measure tape and ribbon.

First they recite the multiplication tables in concert. How they shout! but Master Cheever will hear the least error, be it spoken ever so softly; so be careful, boys.

Now the master is giving out some examples for the boys to perform. But they have no paper and lead-pencils, you exclaim.

No, indeed! Some few have slates and slate-pencils, but those whose parents cannot afford this luxury do their work on strips of birch-bark, with a short stick of lead which has been melted and moulded at home.

What examples! Look at that one with fifteen figures in the answer! And it must be correct the first time, too.

Now a class in reading is called. The boys take their books and stand in a row before the great fireplace. First they spell the words which the master dictates. Listen — "incompatibility" — "i-n in, c-o-m com incom, p-a-t pat incompat, i i incompati, b-i-l bil incompatibil, i i incompatibili, t-y ty incompatibility."

Now they are going to read. Do you think they will find that story of "The Fox and the Crow" interesting? Do they understand the meaning of all those long words? What does it matter if they do not? They are learning to read, and it is a very serious piece of work.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then puts the ferule into the desk.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever, and the boys rush out with a shout of joy.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (Adapted).

THE CHILD'S WORLD

THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

—W. B. RANDS.

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

scōōpɬ̸d	shăd'ōw	neigh'bor
ą bōdɬ̸'	glărɬ̸d	pŭmp'kĭnş
dĭs ąp pēąrɬ̸d'	En dūr'ąnçɬ̸	här'vĕs tĭng

The children had been working busily all day helping their father and mother with the harvesting. It would soon be Thanksgiving Day, and the nuts had to be gathered and stored away, the pumpkins and corn put into the barn, and the apples cut, strung and hung up to dry.

In the olden time, you see, the children had to work during the spring planting and the fall harvesting, and they went to school a little in the winter and summer.

After supper the family gathered round the big fireplace in the kitchen, — all but the father, who had gone to help a neighbor.

"Let us string a few more apples," said Endurance. "Father filled the baskets again this afternoon!"

"Oh, no!" said Obed. "Let us make a jack-o'-lantern. I found a big yellow pumpkin and Father gave it to me."

"Yes, yes," cried all the children. "Let us make a jack-o'-lantern!" and they watched with eager interest while Obed cut off the top of the pumpkin and scooped out the seeds.

"Now make two big eyes," said Endurance, and Obed cut two round holes in the rind. Then he cut a long narrow opening.

"What a big mouth!" said Patience.

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said one of the boys, as Obed added a nose and two ears.

"Mother, Mother, may we have a candle? Our lantern is finished," cried the children, at last.

Mrs. Moore found a bit of candle, and they fastened it into the pumpkin and lighted it. How the big eyes glared, and the mouth grinned! Truly, it was an ugly face.

Just then a man came riding by. "The Indians, the Indians!" he cried. "They are coming up from the swamp. There is not time for you to go to the block-house."

"Take the children, Mother," said Obed, "and hide them in the loft. Amos and I will stay here and watch for the Indians, and perhaps Father will come soon to help us."

In a moment the children were hidden, the fire was covered, and the boys were peering out into the darkness.

"Look, look!" whispered Amos; "there is a shadow behind that tree. I think it is an Indian."

Then, as he saw the shadow move, he spoke again. "Let us try to scare him, Obed. The jack-o'-lantern, quick!"

The jack-o'-lantern was lighted and set in the window. It moved its head from side to side. It glared and stared into the night. It disappeared and appeared again.

The Indian saw its shining eyes, its grinning mouth, and he fled through the woods in terror.

"The fire-spirit, the fire-spirit!" he called to his comrades, and they hurried with him back to the swamp.

All night long Obed kept the jack-o'-lantern in the window, but the Indians never dared to return to the abode of the great fire-spirit.

SONG

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TWO BRASS KETTLES

rī′fl∕s	sĕt′tlĕrs	stĕ∕l′thĭ lў
lŭs′tĭ lў	pŏl′ĭsh∕d	ăp prō∕ch′
săv′āġ∕	ąp pē∕r∕d′	whĭs′pĕr∕d

When the white men came to this country they found great numbers of Indians living here.

At first the Indians and the white settlers were friends, but later trouble arose and a war broke out which lasted for many years.

During this dreadful war with the savages, there were times when even the women and children had to fight for their lives.

In each settlement block-houses were built, and whenever the men heard of the approach of the Indians they fled with their wives and children to these forts.

They did not always have time to go to the forts, and sometimes the Indians crept up stealthily during the daytime, while the men were at work in the fields, and carried off the women and children.

Guns and rifles were always loaded and near

at hand, but sometimes they were of less use than simpler weapons.

Once two brass kettles saved the lives of two little children, — two big brass kettles that had been polished until they shone like gold. There they stood on the floor before the fire, when an Indian looked in at the window.

He saw the kettles, but he did not see the children playing in the corner, for the room was shady and the sun shone brightly outside.

But the woman, who was alone with the little ones, saw the ugly face, and, as the Indian moved away to look in at another window, she seized the children and put them under the two brass kettles. Then she hid in the chimney-corner.

The Indian's head appeared at another window.

"Be quiet, children," whispered the woman; but they were frightened, and began to cry.

When the savage heard this noise coming from the kettles, he aimed his gun and fired. How the shot rang through the room, and how it frightened the babies!

They screamed lustily, and began to creep — kettles and all — across the kitchen.

Two brass kettles moving over the floor towards the Indian! He stood a moment and looked at them, then throwing down his gun, he turned and fled through the fields back to his wigwam.

The two brass kettles had saved the babies' lives. For many years they hung beside the fire. They were polished and repolished, and the children's children and grandchildren never tired of their history.

BOSTON BOYS OF 1776

ĕn′ę̈ mĭ∕s̱	Brĭt′ĭsh	cǫm plā∕n′
cŏl′ō nĭsts	ç̣ĭt′ĭ z∕ns̱	rĕb′ĕls̱
ex′ç̣ę̈l lę̈nt	ĕn cămp∕d′	ăd mīr′ĭng
lĭb′ĕr tў	a̱s sur∕d′	sē vēr∕′lў

The Indians were not the only enemies that the colonists had to fear. A great many soldiers were sent from England to force them to obey the king's laws.

Some of these British soldiers had their camp on Boston Common. This Common was the playground of the boys then, just as it is now.

In the summer they played ball and had jolly times flying their kites. In the winter the knolls furnished excellent coasting, and nowhere was there better skating than on the little pond.

The Common was large enough to furnish both a camp for the soldiers and a playground for the boys; but the British soldiers, having nothing to do, annoyed the citizens, and even seemed to take delight in spoiling the boys' good times.

As soon as the water froze in the little pond,

the boys spent every moment that could be spared from their lessons, skating on the ice.

If it snowed, they built up the knolls into steep hills and coasted down across the pond. But now that the soldiers were encamped on the Common everything was changed.

If ice formed in the pond, it was chopped and cracked during the night. If the boys built a good coast, it was torn down or covered with sand.

At last the boys would endure this treatment no longer; and one morning they chose some of their number to call upon the British general and complain to him of his soldiers.

When General Gage heard the boys' story he said: "Who told you to come to me? Are your fathers teaching you, too, to be little rebels?"

"No one sent us," replied one of the boys. "We have done nothing to annoy your soldiers, but they spoil our coasts and break the ice where we skate. We complained to them, and they called us 'young rebels' and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our work was destroyed for the third time and we will bear it no longer."

The lad's eyes flashed, and General Gage, who was by no means a bad man, could not help admiring the courage of the little fellow.

He turned to one of his officers, saying, "The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." Then turning to the boys, "Go, my brave lads," he said, "and be assured that if my soldiers trouble you again, they shall be severely punished."

ELIZABETH ZANE

prĭs'ǿnẽrs	sŭr rĕn'dĕr	căp'tūrǿd
mōld'ĭng	ĕx ɬâɸs'tĕd	ą māzǿ'mẹ̆nt
bŭl'lĕts	vŏl ŭn tēērǿd'	whĭs'tlǿd

Not long after the boys of Boston called on General Gage, Elizabeth Zanė proved that girls, too, can be brave and fearless.

In a village on the banks of the Ohio River, there was a large fort called Fort Henry. When the Indians, who were fighting on the side of the English, attacked the village, all the men, women and children fled to the fort.

The Indians next attacked the fort, and all of the men who went out to fight them were killed or taken as prisoners. At last there were but twelve men left to protect the women and children.

The men had plenty of guns, and the women worked busily molding bullets, and loading the guns and handing them to the men.

The fighting was kept up for many hours. Often the Indians crept up and tried to set fire to the fort, but they were driven back each time.

At last they withdrew a little way into the edge of the woods, to rest and prepare for another attack.

When the colonists also began to prepare for a second attack, they found that their supply of powder was almost exhausted. They well knew that without powder they could not hold back the Indians, and that to surrender meant certain death.

Captain Zane called his men together and said: "In my house there is a keg of powder. I do not wish to order any man to go for it, as it is a very dangerous thing to do, but I would like to have some one offer to go."

Several of the young men at once volunteered.

"It means almost certain death," said the captain.

"I know that," replied one of the youths; "but we must have the powder. To stay means death to all."

Just then the captain's sister, Elizabeth, a girl about fourteen years old, stepped forward. "I will go for the powder," she said. "You cannot spare one of the men. They are all needed to protect the fort. I fear that there are not enough

now. If we are captured by the Indians I shall surely be killed. Please let me go."

At first Captain Zane refused, but he knew that she was right; not a man could be spared. So, at last, the gate of the fort was opened for a moment, and the girl ran quickly out.

The Indians saw her cross the road. "A squaw! a squaw!" they cried in amazement; but they did not attempt to shoot her.

She entered her brother's house and found the keg, but it was too heavy for her to carry, so she emptied the powder into her apron.

When she came out of the house and started to return to the fort with her apronful of powder, the Indians fired at her; but although the arrows whistled over her head, she ran swiftly on, and reached the gate in safety.

With the help of this powder, the colonists were able to keep the Indians from setting fire to the fort that night. The next morning more men came, and the Indians were driven away.

The story of the fight at Fort Henry is often told, and Elizabeth Zane, the brave girl who carried the apronful of powder to the men in the fort, will never be forgotten.

TO A CHILD

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit.
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do —
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad,
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

ĕx chānġ¢′ săl′ạ rĭ¢ṣ shĭl′lĭng
făr′thĭng ĭn cọn vē′nĭẹnt săt′ĭs fī¢d
wâm′pŭm ĭm mē′dĭ āt¢ lў măn ū făc′tūr¢

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there.

This was a new line of business; for in the earlier days the colonists had used the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain.

These coins being scarce, the people were often obliged to exchange their goods instead of selling

them. For instance, if a man wished to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it.

If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings, and the Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells. Bank-bills had never been heard of at this time.

There was not enough money of any kind to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take fish, corn, and wood, instead of silver or gold.

It was very inconvenient to trade in this way, and finally the colonists decided to coin their own silver money.

Captain John Hull was selected to manufacture the money, and was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for his trouble.

At once all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain Hull. Old silver mugs and pitchers, silver buttons, buckles, and broken spoons were thrown together into the melting pot.

In fact, so much silver was melted down and coined, that in a short time the colonists had an

immense amount of bright shillings, sixpences, and threepences.

Each coin had the date 1652 on one side, and a figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called "pine-tree shillings."

For every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The people soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up the twentieth shilling, but Captain Hull did not wish to do so.

He was perfectly satisfied, and well he might be, for in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewall by name, wished to marry his only daughter Betsy.

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were

sixpences, and his shoe-buckles were made of silver threepences.

After the wedding was over, Captain Hull whispered to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, bringing in a large pair of scales.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsy — or Mrs. Sewall, as we must now call her — did as she was bidden, like a dutiful daughter, without any question. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the men, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was so large and heavy that the men could not lift it, and were obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his pocket, unlocked the chest, and lifted its heavy lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other.

Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till at last they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewall!" cried the honest mint-master, "take these shillings for my daughter's dowry. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

—Nathaniel Hawthorne (Adapted).

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

—Robert Browning.

INDIAN CHILDREN

Pĭl′grĭmṣ	dĕc′ō rā tĕd	ẽa̸r′tha̸n
Plўm′o̸ŭth	trăv′e̸lle̸d	vĕg′ē tạ ble̸
shĕl′tēre̸d	rē quīre̸d′	sŭc′cọ tăsh
squâw	fạ mĭl′ĭạr	hŏm′ĭ nў
pă po͞ose̸′	fūr′nĭ tūre̸	kĕr′nĕlṣ

No one knows how long the Indians had been living in this country when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

They found the Red Men living in wigwams made of long poles and covered with skins. These wigwams were easily taken down and moved, and this was done every season.

In winter the Indians moved into sheltered places in the forests; in the spring they chose fields where corn could be planted, and in the autumn they went to the hunting grounds.

The men spent their time in hunting, fishing, or fighting, while the women stayed at home to work.

The squaw planted the corn, harvested it, and ground it into meal; dressed the skins and cooked the meat and fish which the men brought home, and took care of the wigwam and the children.

The Indian baby, or papoose, as it was called, was strapped into a cradle most of the time until it was two years old. These cradles were made of wood, bark, or leather, and were often decorated with colored shells. When the mother was at work in the fields, the cradle was hung in a tree; when she travelled about, it was strapped to her back.

The Indian father did not take care of the baby, but if it were a boy, he watched eagerly for the time when his son could be taught to use a tiny bow and arrow.

The boys were not required to do any work, nor were there any schools where they could study; but they learned many lessons that cannot be found in books.

A boy had to know where to look for the birds;

AN INDIAN BOY

he had to be familiar with their colors and their songs; know where and how they built their nests, when they flew away to the warm South, and when they returned in the spring.

He had to know also the haunts and habits of the animals, where to find them, and how to shoot them.

When the boy was twelve years old he learned to build a canoe of birch bark, and to paddle swiftly and silently up and down the streams.

While the Indian boy was watching the birds and animals in the forests, and learning to hunt and fish, his sister stayed at home to help her mother.

When the little girl was only four years old she was taught to carry wood, and a little later she helped to cut the wood and plant the corn.

She learned also to cook and sew, and to keep the wigwam in order. This was not very difficult, as the floor was of earth and was never swept. There was no dusting to be done, as there was no furniture.

The beds were nothing but skins spread on the ground, and the dishes were simply wooden or earthen jars.

Corn was the chief vegetable food of the Indian. The squaws planted and harvested it. They ground some of it between two stones and made hominy. They cooked the corn with beans and made succotash, and they also popped the kernels. Their name for pop-corn means "corn that blossoms."

The children gathered wild strawberries and blueberries, and the squaws dug clams and had clam-bakes, much as we do now.

The making of maple sugar is a custom which we owe to the Indians. Every spring they had a sugar festival in the maple woods.

The boys did not fish and hunt all of the time, nor did the little girls always sew and cook.

The children played many games, and they had a few simple toys. The babies had rattles and strings of colored shells, and the girls played with rude wooden dolls.

The boys made their own toys with stones and sticks, but they liked best their spears and arrows, which they used in fishing and hunting, as well as in playing at war.

POCAHONTAS

spär	Pō cą hŏn′tąs	pow′ẽr fůl
flĭnt	Pow ɬă tăn′	căp tĭv′ĭ tў
cȯm′pąss	Vīr ġĭn′ĭ ą	cọm păn′ĭọn

Pocahontas was a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of the great chief, Powhatan, and she was so good and kind that she was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled.

She lived in the forests of Virginia, with the birds and squirrels for her companions.

She was an Indian princess, but she learned to cook and sew and weave mats, just as the other

Indian girls did. She liked to embroider, too, and spent many happy hours decorating her dresses with the pretty colored shells and beads that were given to her father.

One day, when she was twelve years old, an Indian came to Powhatan and told him a white man had been captured and brought to the village.

"He is a wonderful man," said the scout. "He can talk to his friends by making marks on paper, and he can make a fire without a flint."

"Bring him here," said the chief, and Captain John Smith was brought before Powhatan.

The chief received the prisoner in his wigwam, and talked with him, asking him many questions.

Captain Smith told the Indians that the earth was round, and that the sun chased the night around it. He said that the sun that set in the west at night was the same sun that rose in the east in the morning. He showed them his compass and told them how it guided him through the forests.

At last the Indians began to fear him, however, thinking that so wise and powerful a man might do them some harm. So, after holding

him as a prisoner for many days, they decided to put him to death.

In the meantime Captain Smith and Pocahontas had become the best of friends. He told her many stories of his childhood in a land across the sea, — of the blue-eyed, fair-haired boys and girls, of their toys and games, their homes and schools, and how they learned to read and write.

So when Pocahontas heard that her dear friend must die, she felt very sad, and tried to think of some way of saving his life.

And she did save his life, for just as Captain Smith was to be killed, the child threw her arms about his neck, and begged her father to spare the white man's life, for her sake.

Powhatan loved his little daughter, and wished to please her in everything, so he promised to set the prisoner free, and to send him at once to his friends.

Pocahontas often visited Captain Smith and learned to know and love his friends. In later years she went to England to see the fair-haired boys and girls and the homes and schools he had told her about during his captivity.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small;
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Mother shall thread them a daisy-chain;

Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow" —
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one missing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks of you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts, unconscious of sorrow and thrall,
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure —
God that is over us all.

— JEAN INGELOW.

THE NORTH WIND AND THE DUCK

fēa̤r′lĕss	rŭsh′ĕs	whīrl̤̤d
co̤n tĕn′tĕd	dīv̤̤d	blā′zĭng
glĭt′tĕr ĭng	bla̤sts	ĭm pŏs′sĭ bl̤̤

In the far north, where the winters are long and cold, and deep snow covers the earth like a blanket for many months, lived Shingebiss, the wild duck.

His little hut was built among the trees on the shore of a broad lake, and here he lived alone all winter. As soon as the warm days came, the other birds returned, and he was no longer lonely.

When thick ice formed over the water Shingebiss was not unhappy, even if he had only four logs of wood to keep his fire. "Each log is large and will burn a month," said the cheerful duck. "I do not need another log. There are only four cold months in the year."

Shingebiss was brave and fearless. He went out even on the coldest days in search of food. Pulling up the flags and rushes, he dived through the opening he had made, and caught the fish that were swimming about under the ice.

The North Wind saw the little duck and was angry at him for being so brave. "This is a wonderful duck," said he. "He does not fear the snow or ice and seems as contented as if it were the month of flowers. I will try once more to frighten him."

Then he sent forth cold blasts and drifts of snow so that it was almost impossible to live out of doors.

Still the brave duck's fire burned, and he caught plenty of fish under the thick ice.

"I will go and visit him," said North Wind, one day, as he saw Shingebiss dragging home a

long string of fish. "He cannot live long when I am near him. I will blow my icy breath upon him, and freeze him through and through."

That very night North Wind crept to the door of the little hut. Shingebiss had cooked his fish and eaten his supper. He lay stretched in front of the fire where the log was burning brightly, singing his songs.

He felt the cold wind on his back. "I know who is there," he said, so he began singing: —

"Ka neej, ka neej;
Bee in, bee in;
Bon in, bon in;
Oc ee, oc ee;
Ka weya! ka weya!"

This was his way of saying: —

"Cold North Wind, I know your plan;
You are but my fellow-man.
You may blow your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze.
Heigh, for life! and ho, for bliss!
Who so free as Shingebiss?"

"He will not sing much longer," thought North Wind; and creeping under the door, he sat down beside the duck.

Shingebiss arose and stirred the fire, until it blazed and roared and sent a great heat out into the room.

"Bee in, bee in;
Bon in, bon in;
Shingebiss you cannot freeze,"

he sang, as he lay down again near the fire without even glancing at his visitor.

Very soon the tears began to flow down North Wind's cheeks. "I cannot stay here," he thought. "I am melting, and my icy breath does not trouble Shingebiss. He is a wonderful duck. I can neither freeze him nor starve him. I will let him alone." And he whirled over the frozen lake in a drift of glittering snow.

North Wind never came again to the little hut by the lake, and even in the coldest winter Shingebiss still catches long strings of fish under the ice, and sleeps through the long night in front of his blazing logs.

LITTLE SHOOTER-OF-BIRDS

WHY THE MOLE IS BLIND

ɬnōll	crăck'lĭng	scôrchɸd
snărɸ	wân'dĕrɸd	fȧs'tɸnɸd
tī'nĭ ĕst	jɸũr'nɸў	ɬnâwɸd

When the animals ruled over the earth, they killed all the people except a little girl and her brother.

These two children lived together in a tiny hut in the forest. The girl went out every day to get wood for the fire, and as she did not dare to leave her brother alone, she always took him with her.

One day she gave him a bow and some arrows, and said to him: "I will leave you here, little Brother, where I have been gathering the wood. You must hide behind this cedar tree and when the snow-birds come, shoot one of them and bring it home."

At night she heard his footsteps crackling through the snow, and he hurried in to show her the bird he had killed.

"When I have killed more of these birds,

Sister, I will have a coat made of the skins," he said, and every day he hid behind the tree with his bow and arrow, while his sister gathered firewood in the forest.

Soon he had killed ten birds, and his sister made him a coat out of the skins. "Now, little Shooter-of-Birds," she said, "you may go alone into the forest. The animals will not harm you while you wear your birdskin coat."

One day little Shooter-of-Birds wandered far from his home, and climbed through the bushes and over the rocks to the top of a high mountain.

He was so tired with his long journey that he lay down to rest on a grassy knoll, and here he slept for many hours.

While he was sleeping, the great sun shone down upon him, and its hot rays scorched and burned the feathers of his coat until, at last, the smoke awakened him.

He jumped up and saw what the sun had done to his beautiful coat. This made him very angry. "Behold what you have done, O Sun," he cried. "For this you shall be punished. You shall never rise again."

Then he ran down the mountain side and through the forest to his home.

"Look, Sister, look," he cried. "The sun has scorched and burned the feathers of my birdskin coat. Help me to make a snare at once, for I mean to catch him."

"How can we make a snare, Brother? We have nothing strong enough to hold the sun."

"We will make a cord out of your long hair," cried the boy, and all night long the children worked busily.

In the morning, before the dawn, Shooter-of-Birds ran through the forest and fastened the snare to the mountain top. Just as the sun was beginning to rise out of the water it was caught and held fast, so that it could not move.

"Now you cannot scorch my coat," cried the boy, and he ran home gaily.

Day after day passed by, and still the sun did not rise. The grass and the flowers drooped and died, and the animals ran about crying: "What shall we do? What shall we do without the sun?"

"Some one must cut the cord and free him," said the hare. ".We cannot live without him."

"Who will dare to do it?" cried the wolf. "No one can go so near the sun without being burned by his hot rays."

At last the mole, who was then the largest and bravest animal in the world, said that he would go, and he made haste to the mountain where the sun lay in the snare.

As he came nearer and nearer, his back began to smoke and burn with the heat, but he gnawed the cord with his sharp teeth, and the beautiful round sun rolled up into the wide, blue sky.

The poor mole, however, blinded by the bright sun and burned by its hot rays, is now the tiniest of creatures, and lives in darkness, seeing nothing of the beauties of the earth.

THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the northern lights
With their rushing splendors fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall,
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,

And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By inland streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.

—Mary Howitt.

THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH

Al ṣäçɕ′ hĭs′tō rў rŭf′flɕd
Lŏr rāi̯nɕ′ dē fēɕts′ pŭn′ĭshɕd
Prŭs′sians ŭn dĕr stood′ tru′ant
vĭɛ′tō rĭɕṣ ŏc cā′sion ăl lў bûl′le tĭn
dĭs mĭssɕd′ lăn′guāgɕ at tĕn′tion

I was very late that morning on my way to school, and was afraid of being scolded, as the master had told us he should question us on the verbs, and I did not know the first word, for I had not studied my lesson.

For a moment I thought of playing truant.

The air was so warm and bright, and I could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods, and the Prussians who were drilling in the meadow behind the saw-mill.

I liked this much better than learning the rules for verbs, but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly toward school.

Passing the mayor's office, I saw people standing before the little bulletin-board. For two years it was there that we received all the news of battles, of victories and defeats.

"What is it now?" I thought, without stopping to look at the bulletin.

Then, as I ran along, the blacksmith, who was there reading the bill, cried out to me, "Not so fast, little one, you will reach your school soon enough."

I thought he was laughing at me and ran faster than ever, reaching the school-yard quite out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, a loud noise could be heard from the street. Desks were being opened and closed, and lessons repeated at the top of the voice. Occasionally the heavy ruler

of the master beat the table, as he cried, "Silence, please, silence!"

I hoped to be able to take my seat in all this noise without being seen; but that morning the room was quiet and orderly.

Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already in their places. The master was walking up and down the room with the iron ruler under his arm and a book in his hand.

As I entered he looked at me kindly, and said, without scolding, "Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were just going to begin without you. You should have been here five minutes ago."

I climbed over my bench and sat down at once at my desk. Just then I noticed, for the first time, that our master wore his fine green coat with the ruffled frills, and his black silk embroidered cap.

But what surprised me more was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. One of them was holding an old spelling-book on his knee; and they all looked sadly at the master.

While I was wondering at this, our school-

master took his place, and in the same kind tone in which he had received me, he said: "My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has come from Berlin that no language but German may be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. A new master will come to-morrow who will teach you German. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay good attention."

These words frightened me. This is what they had posted on the bulletin-board, then! This is what the blacksmith was reading.

My last lesson in French! I hardly knew how to write, and I never should learn now. How I longed for lost time, for hours wasted in the woods and fields, for days when I had played and should have studied.

My books that a short time ago had seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, now seemed to me like old friends.

I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say the rules without a mistake? But I could not say a word, and stood

at my bench without daring to lift my head. Then I heard the master speaking to me.

"I shall not scold you, little Franz. You are punished enough now. Every day you have said to yourself: 'I have plenty of time. I will learn my lesson to-morrow.' Now you see what has happened."

Then he began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful tongue in the world, and that we must keep it among us and never forget it.

Finally he took the grammar and read us the lesson. I was surprised to see how I understood. Everything seemed easy. I believe, too, that I never listened so well; and it almost seemed as if the good man were trying to teach us all he knew in this last lesson.

The lesson in grammar ended, we began our writing. For that day the master had prepared some new copies, on which were written, "Alsace, France; Alsace, France."

They seemed like so many little flags floating about the schoolroom. How we worked! Nothing was heard but the voice of the master and

the scratching of pens on the paper. There was no time for play now.

On the roof of the schoolhouse some pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself, "Will they, too, be obliged to sing in German?"

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw the master looking about him as if he wished to impress upon his mind everything in the room.

After writing, we had a history lesson. Next, the little ones recited in concert their "Ba, be bi, bo, bu."

Oh, I shall remember that last lesson!

Suddenly the church clock struck the hour of noon. The master rose from his chair. "My friends," said he, "my friends, — I — I —"

But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, "VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood leaning against the wall, unable to speak. He signed to us with his hand: "It is ended. You are dismissed."

— Translated from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,

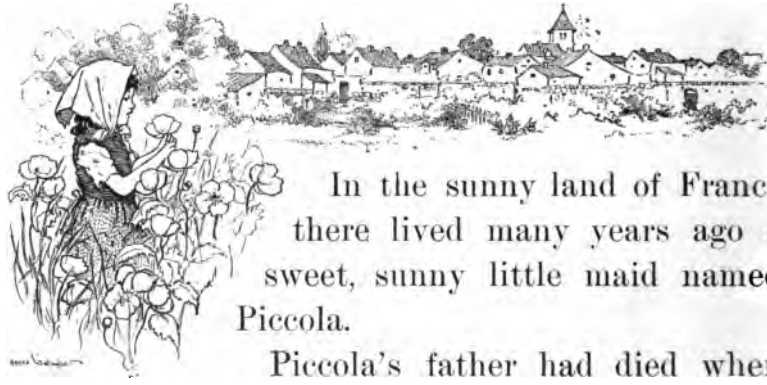
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

— Robert Browning.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Pĭc′cō lą̄	lōn¢′lў	shĭv′ĕr ĭng
Nĭch′ō ląs	crŭmþs	fôr gŏt′tęn
dâẁn¢d	strōk¢d	cọn tĕn′tĕd lў



In the sunny land of France there lived many years ago a sweet, sunny little maid named Piccola.

Piccola's father had died when she was a baby, and her mother was very poor and had to work hard all day in the fields for a few sous.

Little Piccola had no dolls and toys, and she was often hungry and cold, but she was never sad nor lonely.

What if there were no children for her to play with! What if she did not have fine clothes and beautiful toys! In summer there were always the birds in the forest, and the flowers in the

fields and meadows, — the birds sang so sweetly, and the flowers were so bright and pretty!

In the winter when the ground was covered with snow, Piccola helped her mother, and knit long stockings of blue wool.

The snow-birds had to be fed with crumbs, if she could find any, and then, there was Christmas Day.

But one year her mother was ill and could not earn any money. Piccola worked hard all the day long, and sold the stockings which she knit, even when her own little bare feet were blue with the cold.

As Christmas Day drew near she said to her mother, "I wonder what the good Saint Nicholas will bring me this year. I cannot hang my stocking in the fireplace, but I shall put my wooden shoe on the hearth for him. He will not forget me, I am sure."

"Do not think of it this year, my dear child," replied her mother. "We must be glad if we have bread enough to eat."

But Piccola could not believe that the good Saint would forget her. On Christmas Eve she

put her little wooden patten on the hearth before the fire, and went to sleep to dream of Saint Nicholas.

As the poor mother looked at the little shoe, she thought how unhappy her dear child would be to find it empty in the morning, and wished that she had something, even if it were only a tiny cake, for a Christmas gift. There was nothing in the house but a few sous, and these must be saved to buy bread.

When the morning dawned Piccola awoke and ran to her shoe.

Saint Nicholas had come in the night. He had not forgotten the little child who had thought of him with such faith.

See what he had brought her. It lay in the wooden patten, looking up at her with its two bright eyes, and chirping contentedly as she stroked its soft feathers.

A little swallow, cold and hungry, had flown into the chimney and down to the room, and had crept into the shoe for warmth.

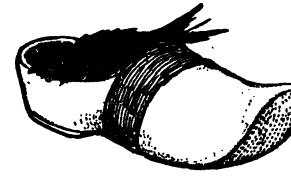
Piccola danced for joy, and clasped the shivering swallow to her breast.

PICCOLA

She ran to her mother's bedside. "Look, look!" she cried. "A Christmas gift, a gift from the good Saint Nicholas!" and she danced again in her little bare feet.

Then she fed and warmed the bird, and cared for it tenderly all winter long; teaching it to take crumbs from her hand and her lips, and to sit on her shoulder while she was working.

In the spring she opened the window for it to fly away, but it lived in the woods near by all summer, and came often in the early morning to sing its sweetest songs at her door.



He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS

ĕl′dĕr	pō līt¢′	năt′ū rạl lў
proud	ēȼs′ĭ lў	grŭm′blĭng
jew′el	dĭs līk¢′	sĕr′pẹnts

Once upon a time there was a woman who had two daughters. The elder daughter was very much like her mother in face and manner. They were both so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them.

The younger daughter was like her father; for she was good and sweet tempered, and very beautiful. As people naturally love their own likeness, the mother was very fond of her elder daughter, and at the same time had a great dislike for the younger. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work all the time.

Among other things, this poor child was obliged to go twice a day to draw a pitcherful of water from the spring in the woods, two miles from the house.

One day, when she reached the spring, a poor woman came to her and begged for a drink.

"Oh yes! with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and she took some clear, cool water from the spring, and held up the pitcher so that the woman might drink easily.

When she had finished, the woman said, "You

are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so kind, that I cannot help giving you a gift."

Now this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman to see how this pretty girl would treat her. "I will give you for a gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak, either a flower or a jewel shall come out of your mouth."

When the girl reached home, her mother scolded her for staying so long at the spring. "I beg your pardon, Mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste;" and as she spoke, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What is it I see there?" said her mother, very much surprised. "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How does this happen, my child?" This was the first time she had ever called her "my child," or spoken kindly to her.

The poor child told her mother all that had happened at the spring, and of the old woman's promise. All the time jewels and flowers fell from her lips.

"This is delightful," cried the mother; "I must send my dearest child to the spring. Come, Fanny, see what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? All you will have to do is to take the pitcher to the spring in the wood. When a poor woman asks you for a drink, give it to her."

"It would be a fine thing for me to do," said the selfish girl. "I will not go to draw water! The child can give me her jewels. She does not need them."

"Yes, you shall," said the mother, "and you shall go this minute."

At last the elder daughter went, grumbling and scolding all the way, and taking with her the best silver pitcher in the house.

She had no sooner reached the spring than she saw a beautiful lady coming out of the wood, who came up to her and asked her for a drink. This was, you must know, the same fairy who had met her sister, but who had now taken the form of a princess.

"I did not come out here to serve you with water," said the proud, selfish maid. "Do you think I brought this silver pitcher so far just to give you a drink? You can draw water from the spring as well as I."

"You are not very polite," said the fairy. "Since you are so rude and so unkind, I give you for a gift, that at every word which you speak toads and serpents shall come out of your mouth."

As soon as the mother saw her daughter coming, she cried out, "Well, my dear child, did you see the good fairy?"

"Yes, Mother," answered the proud girl, and as she spoke, two serpents and two toads fell from her mouth.

"What is this that I see?" cried the mother. "What have you done!"

The girl tried to answer, but at every word toads and serpents came from her lips.

And so it was forever after. Jewels and flowers fell from the lips of the younger daughter, who was so good and kind; but the elder daughter could not speak without a shower of serpents and toads.

—Charles Perrault.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;

My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—THOMAS HOOD.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HOLLAND

dīkϕ	glō′rĭ ϕŭs	mŭs′lĭn
stĭlts	ĭn dŭs′trĭ ϕŭs	lĕng′thϕn
clŏgs	ĕx ăct′lў	pĕϕs′ants
cą năl′	păt′tϕns	trŭn′dlϕ

Holland is a very strange country. In fact it is different from every other country in the world.

In the first place, a large part of the land is lower than the level of the sea; and the people have built great walls, called dikes, to keep the ocean from flooding their homes. These dikes are high and wide, and are sometimes covered with buildings and trees.

There is so much water and so little land that many persons are born, live and die, and even have their gardens, on canal-boats. Farm-houses stand on stilts; and the horses wear wooden clogs on each hoof to keep them out of the mud.

It is a glorious country for the children. In summer there is wading, swimming, fishing, and rowing; in winter, skating and boating on the ice.

But the children are as strange as the country. They have little time for play, and are so indus-

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HOLLAND

trious that even while they play they work. Such busy little ones they are!

Tiny girls help their mothers with the butter and cheese-making. Very small boys work with their fathers on the canal-boats, or go with them far out to sea in fishing-boats.

Boys trundle through the streets carts laden with brooms, brushes, wooden shoes, cheeses, baskets, or tin-ware. These small peddlers, clad exactly like their fathers and grandfathers, look like little men.

From the time a boy is big enough to walk until he is an old man, he wears the same style of clothes. His jacket and long trousers are black, his coarse woollen stockings are black; and his shoes are painted or unpainted wooden pattens.

The girls wear white muslin caps and little shawls crossed over their shoulders. Every girl wears a coarse blue apron over her long black dress, black woollen stockings, and white wooden pattens.

The black stockings are hand-knit, and when the girls are not helping their mothers they are almost always knitting. Woollen stockings just

begun, half done, or nearly finished hang at their sides, and whenever they stand still for a few minutes their fingers are busy.

They soon learn to knit without looking at their needles, and as they watch the ships at sea, or the other children at play, these stockings slowly lengthen.

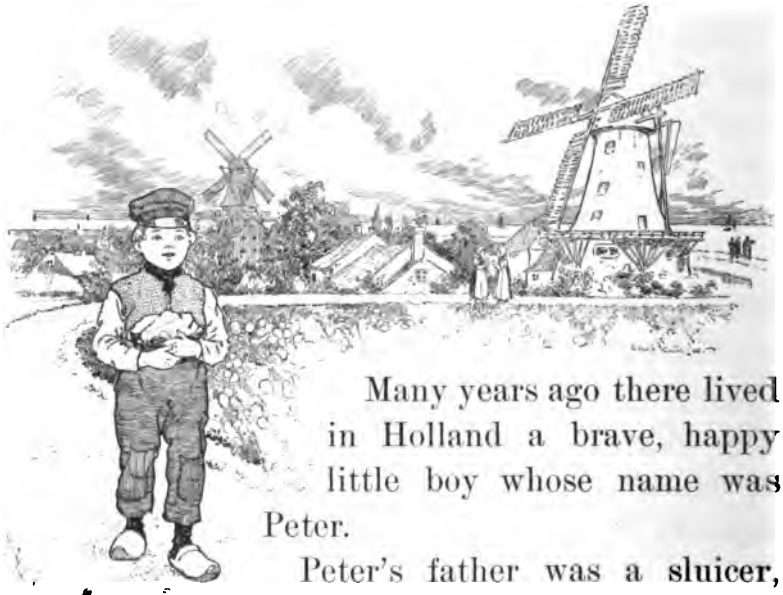
The Holland mothers are very neat, and the children, and grown people, too, must leave their wooden pattens at the door. When all the family is within, there is often a long line of shoes in front of the house.

One can even tell where the schoolrooms are by the heaps of small pattens, for every child slips off his heavy wooden shoes before entering the cleanly scrubbed room.

All this is true only of the children of the poor people, or peasants as they are called. The children of the rich people of Holland dress, and live, and play very much as you do.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

nŭmb	văl'ĭạnt	sluice
aṉ'gry	swōllen	pẽr mĭs'sion
rŭs'tlėd	nō'tĭçėd	crouch'ĭng
ĕr'rạnd	drownėd	dān'ġẽr ŏŭs
cŏŭr'āġė	chăt'tẽrėd	trĭck'lĭng



Many years ago there lived in Holland a brave, happy little boy whose name was Peter.

Peter's father was a **sluicer**, that is, a man who watched the sluices, or gates, in the dikes and opened and closed them for the ships to pass out of the canals into the great sea.

Even the little children were taught that the dikes must be watched every moment, and that a hole no larger than your little finger was a very dangerous thing.

One lovely afternoon in the early fall, when Peter was eight years old, his mother called him from his play. "Come, Peter," she said, "I wish you to go across the dike and take these cakes to your friend, the blind man. If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before it is dark."

The little boy was glad to go on such an errand, and started off with a light heart. He stayed with the poor blind man a little while to tell him about his walk along the dike; of the sun and the flowers and the ships far out at sea. Then he remembered his mother's wish that he should return before dark, and bidding his friend "Good-by," he set out for home.

As he walked beside the canal, he noticed how the rains had swollen the waters, and how they beat against the side of the dike, and he thought of his father's gates.

"I am glad they are so strong," he said to him-

self. "If they gave way what would become of us? These pretty fields would be covered with water. Father always calls them the 'angry waters.' I suppose he thinks they are angry at him for keeping them out so long."

As he walked along he sometimes stopped to pick the pretty blue flowers that grew beside the road, or to listen to the rabbits' soft tread as they rustled through the grass. But oftener he smiled as he thought of his visit to the poor blind man who had so few pleasures and was always so glad to see him.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting, and that it was growing dark. "Mother will be watching for me," he thought, and he began to run toward home.

Just then he heard a noise. It was the sound of trickling water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, through which a tiny stream was flowing.

Any child in Holland is frightened at the thought of a leak in the dike.

Peter understood the danger at once. If the water ran through a little hole it would soon make

a larger one, and the whole country would be flooded. In a moment he saw what he must do. Throwing away his flowers, he climbed down the side of the dike and thrust his finger into the tiny hole.

The flowing of the water was stopped!

"Oho!" he said to himself. "The angry waters must stay back now. I can keep them back with my finger. Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but it soon grew dark and cold. The little fellow shouted and screamed. "Come here; come here," he called; but no one heard him; no one came to help him.

It grew still colder, and his arm ached, and began to grow stiff and numb. He shouted again, "Will no one come? Mother! Mother!"

But his mother had looked anxiously along the dike road many times since sunset, for her little boy, and now she had closed and locked the cottage door, thinking that Peter was spending the night with his blind friend, and that she would scold him in the morning for staying away from home without her permission.

Peter tried to whistle, but his teeth chattered with the cold. He thought of his brother and sister in their warm beds, and of his dear father and mother. "I must not let them be drowned," he thought. "I must stay here until some one comes, if I have to stay all night."

The moon and stars looked down on the child crouching on a stone on the side of the dike. His head was bent, and his eyes were closed, but he was not asleep, for every now and then he rubbed the hand that was holding back the angry sea.

In the early morning, a laborer going to his work thought he heard a groan, as he walked along on the top of the dike. Bending down he saw the child, and called to him: "What is the matter, boy? Are you hurt? Why are you sitting there?"

"I am keeping the water from running in," was the answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quickly."

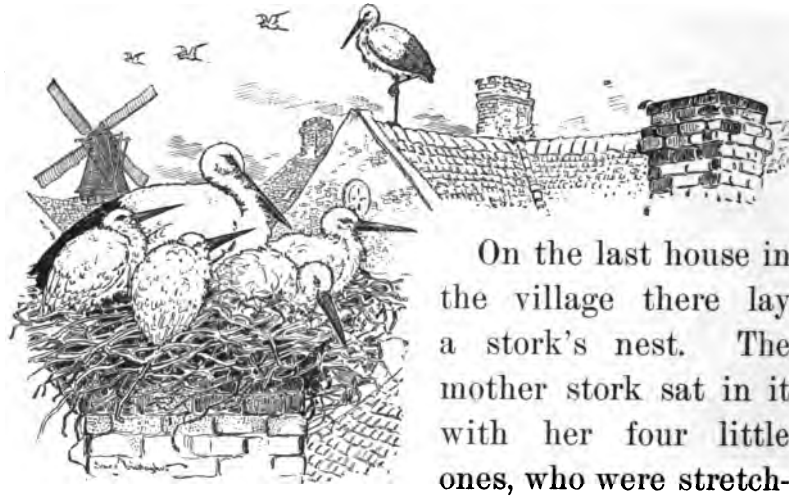
'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
The boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave, and true, and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle
And told the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea.

— Phœbe Cary.

THE STORKS

stôrk	çĕr′tā⁄n lў	dē lī¢ḫt′fŭl
E′ġўpt	quĕs′tioned	pўr′ą mĭdʂ
clŭm′ʂў	băl′ąnç¢	ĕx clā⁄m¢d′
ĭ măġ′ĭn¢	â⁄t′tŭm⁄t	fŏr′eign



On the last house in the village there lay a stork's nest. The mother stork sat in it with her four little ones, who were stretching out their heads with the pointed black bills that had not yet turned red.

At a little distance, on the top of the roof, stood the father stork. He held one leg up, and stood on the other, stiff and straight.

"It must look very grand for my wife to have a soldier to guard the nest," he thought.

In the street below some children were playing; and, when they caught sight of the storks, one of the boys sang the old song about the stork, and the others soon joined him in it.

"Stork, stork, fly away;
Stand not on one leg to-day.
Thy dear wife sits in the nest,
With the little ones at rest.

There's a halter for one;
There's a stake for another;
For the third there's a gun;
And a spit for his brother!"

"Only listen!" said the young storks. "Hear what the boys are singing. Do you hear them say we're to be hanged and shot?"

"Do not listen to them," replied the mother. "They will not hurt you."

But the boys went on singing, and pointed at the father stork. Only one boy, whom they called Peter, said it was a shame to make fun of the birds, and would not join in the singing.

The mother stork tried to comfort the young

ones. "Don't be afraid," she said. "See how still your father stands on one leg."

"But we are afraid," said the little ones drawing back their beaks into the nest.

The children were playing in the street the next morning, and no sooner did they see the storks than they began their song: —

"*Stork, stork, fly away;*
Stand not on one leg to-day."

"Tell us, will the boys really hurt us?" asked the young storks.

"No, no; certainly not. You are to learn to fly, and I will teach you. Then we shall pay a visit to the frogs. They will bow to us and sing 'Croak! croak!' and we shall eat them."

"And then what will happen?" questioned the young storks.

"Oh, then all the storks in the land will meet,

and the autumn sports will begin. Then you must be able to fly well, for if you cannot, you will be punished by the stork captain."

"Yes, but then, after that, we shall be killed, as the boys say. Hark! they are singing again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," said the mother stork. "After that we shall fly away to warm countries, far from here, over hills and forests. To Egypt we shall fly, where the three-cornered houses of stone stand, one point of which reaches almost to the clouds. They are called pyramids, and are older than a stork can imagine. In that land there is a river which overflows its banks and turns the country into mire. Then we go into the mire and eat the frogs."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed all the young storks.

"Yes, indeed; it is a delightful place. There is nothing to do all day long but eat. And while we are feasting there, not a green leaf is left on the trees in this country. It is so cold here that the very clouds freeze in lumps, or fall down in little white feathers."

It was hail and snow that she meant, but she did not know how to say it.

"And do the naughty boys freeze?"

"No, they will not freeze, but they will be very cold, and they will stay in the house, while you will be flying about in foreign lands, where there are bright flowers and warm sunshine."

Some time had now passed by, and the nestlings had grown so large and strong that they could stand upright in the nest. Every day the father stork came with frogs and all the dainties that storks delight in. How funny it was to see the things he did to amuse them. He could lay his head around upon his tail; he could clatter with his beak, as if it were a rattle; or he could tell them stories about the swamps and fens.

"Come, my children," said the mother stork one day, "now you must learn to fly." And all the four young ones had to go out on the ridge of the roof. How they did totter and stagger about! They tried to balance themselves with their wings, but they came very near falling.

"Look at me!" said the mother. "This is the way to hold your head. And this is the way you must place your feet. Left! right! left! right! That is what will help you on in the world."

Then she flew a little way, and the young ones took a clumsy little leap. Bump! plump! down they fell; for their wings were too weak to fly.

"I will not fly," said one of the young storks, as it crept back to the nest. "I do not wish to go to warm countries."

"Would you like to stay here and freeze when the winter comes? Will you wait till the boys come to hang you? Well, then, I'll call them."

"Oh, no!" cried the timid stork, hopping back to the roof with the rest.

On the third day they did begin to fly a little. Then they thought that they could soar in the air. And this they attempted, but down they fell, flapping their wings as hard as they could.

Now the boys came again to the street, and sang the storks their song: —

"*Stork, stork, fly away;*
Stand not on one leg to-day."

"Shall we fly down and peck them?" asked the young ones.

"No, let them alone. Listen to me. One — two — three! Now we fly around to the right.

One — two — three! Now to the left, around the chimney. There! that was very well done. Now you may fly with me to the marsh."

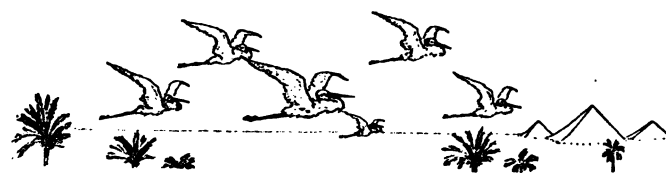
"But shall we not punish the naughty boys?"

"No, no; let them sing. You are to fly up to the clouds and away to the land of the pyramids, while they are freezing and can neither see a green leaf nor taste a sweet apple."

When the autumn came, all the storks met in the great meadow, ready to start together for the warm country across the sea, leaving winter behind them. And such drills as there were!

All the young storks had to fly over forests and villages, to see if they were equal to the long journey that was before them. Our young storks flew higher and faster than any others, and the stork captain praised them and gave them a prize.

—Hans Christian Andersen.



THE SEA

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

—Barry Cornwall.

EASTER IN GERMANY

gu͡ĭ tär′	flŭf′fy̆	chŏc′ō lāt¢
lŏck′ĕts	rĭb′bo͝n	vĭl′lāg̈ ẽrs̱
dŭch′ĕss	ē¢′gẽr ly̆	glēē′fu͡l ly̆

Easter Sunday is coming soon, and the boys and girls in Germany are as happy as you are at Christmas time, for the Easter Hare is as generous as Saint Nicholas, and brings them many gifts.

They run up and down the streets looking eagerly into the shop windows.

Now they stop before one of them. Here are eggs of all sizes and colors; red eggs, yellow eggs,

blue eggs; eggs made of sugar and of chocolate; candy eggs, tied with ribbons and decorated with pretty pictures.

"Come here, look, look!" cries Gretchen; and the children hurry to the next window. There fluffy yellow chicks peep out at them from broken shells, and little white lambs stand near by, with ribbons and bells around their necks.

Tiny goats are playing on guitars, and here and there little egg-shell carriages are drawn by goats and driven by baby rabbits.

At the toy shops all these things are found, and many more. A hare mother rocks her little one in an egg-shell cradle; toy wheel-barrows filled with eggs are trundled by tiny hares; and rabbits watch over nests full of eggs, or hold an egg-shell from which a chicken is peeping.

All the shop windows contain eggs of one kind or another. Besides sugar and chocolate eggs there are eggs of soap and glass; egg-shaped baskets and boxes filled with candy; wooden and china eggs, and even tiny egg-shaped lockets made of gold and silver.

In the market-place women sell hard-boiled

eggs of every color, as well as the candy chickens and hares.

Eggs and chickens are seen at Easter-time in many countries, but the hare is more often seen in Germany than in any other place.

What can the rabbit and the hare have to do with Easter, do you ask? I do not know, but little Gretchen will tell you that the hares lay the Easter eggs.

Strange hares they must be, but the children believe in the Easter Hare as truly as you believe in Saint Nicholas.

"Many hundred years ago," their mothers tell them, "a duchess was obliged to leave her home in the city and live in a small mining village in the mountains.

"Her two little children went with her, and although the village people were kind to them, they were often hungry.

"No meat was to be found in the village, no fish of any kind, and not even an egg, for in all the town there was not one hen.

"So, one day, the duchess sent a man to the city, telling him to bring back a coop full of hens.

"When he returned, the people were surprised and delighted, for they had never even heard of such strange birds.

"The good lady saved the eggs for many days. Then she cooked them and made a feast for the poor villagers. She also taught the women how to cook the eggs for themselves, and gave each one of them two or three chickens, sending them home grateful and happy.

"At Easter-time the duchess wished to do something to please the children. She had nothing but eggs to give them, however, not even an apple or a nut. So she saved all the egg-shells for many days and boiled them in colored dyes, making them red, blue and yellow.

"On Easter Monday she invited all the little ones to go with her to the woods. Then she told them to make nests of twigs and moss and hide them in the bushes.

"When this was done she led the children to her cottage and gave them a feast of eggs and cakes. 'Now run and look in the hidden nests,' she said, and they hurried away to the woods again.

EASTER IN GERMANY

"What do you think they found? In each nest lay five beautiful eggs, — two red, two yellow, and one as blue as the sky.

"'How wonderful the hens must be, to lay such lovely eggs!' said one of the little girls. 'I wish our hens would lay such pretty eggs.'

"'The hens could not lay these eggs,' said another. 'It must have been the hare that jumped into the bushes when I hid my nest in the tall grass.'

"The children laughed gleefully. 'Yes, yes!' they cried. 'The hares lay the pretty eggs. The dear little hares lay the colored eggs.'

"And they said it over and over until they began to believe it themselves."

To this day the children in Germany make nests at Easter-time of moss and twigs, which they hide in the house or garden. On Easter morning they jump out of bed as soon as it is light to see what the good little hare has brought.

They find not only boiled eggs and colored egg-shells, but often sugar eggs and egg-shaped boxes filled with candy and pretty gifts.

THE FLAX

cŏl lĕct′	tăt′tẽrs	fôr′tū nātȼ
sȼĭs′sọrs	cōmþȼd	pāȷn′fûl
vẽr′sĕs	dĕl′ĭ cātȼ	rē frĕsh′ĕs

The flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a moth.

The sun shone on the flax, and the rain watered it; and this was as good for it as it is for little children to be washed and kissed by their mothers. They look much prettier for it, and so did the flax.

"People say that I look very well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am! I am certainly the happiest of beings. How the sunshine gladdens me, and how the rain refreshes me! No one in the world can be happier than I am."

"Oh, yes!" said the fence-post, "you may grow and be happy, and you may sing, but you do not know the world as well as I do, for I have knots in me;" and then it creaked mournfully:—

"*Snip, snap, snurre,*
Basse lurre.
The song is ended."

"No, it is not ended," said the flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall. I feel that I am growing. I feel that I have many flowers. I am the happiest of all beings."

But one day some men came, who took the flax by the head and cut it off at the roots; this was painful.

Then it was laid in water, as if it were to be

drowned; and after that it was put on a fire, as if it were to be roasted. All this was frightful.

"One cannot be happy always," said the flax. "By having bad times as well as good, we become wise." And certainly bad times came to the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed.

Then it was put on a spinning-wheel. "Whirr, whirr, whirr," went the wheel, so fast that the flax could not collect his thoughts.

"I have been very happy," he said, in the midst of his pain, "and I must be contented."

At last he was put on the loom, and then he became a beautiful piece of white linen.

All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "This is truly wonderful. How fortunate I am! The fence-post was right with its song of: —

"'*Snip, snap, snurre,*
Basse lurre.'

But the song is not ended, I am sure; it is only just begun. How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am at last made into a piece of

linen. I am the happiest being in the world. How strong and fine I am, and how long and white! This is even better than being a plant and bearing flowers. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time the linen was taken into a house, put under the scissors, cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. That was not pleasant; but at last the linen was made into twelve pretty white aprons.

"See now," said the flax, "I have been made into something. Now I shall be of some use in the world. That is the only way to be happy. I have been cut into twelve pieces, and yet the same flax runs through every piece. How strange it is, and how happy I am."

Years passed away. At last the linen was so worn that it could hardly hold together.

"The end must come soon," said one piece to another. "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is impossible."

So the linen fell into rags and tatters, and thought that the end had come, for it was torn to shreds, and boiled in water. Then it was made

into pulp and dried, and at length it became beautiful white paper.

"Now this is a surprise, a glorious surprise," said the paper. "I am finer than ever, and I shall have fine things written upon me. This is wonderful. How happy I am!"

And the most beautiful stories and verses *were* written upon it, and people heard the stories and verses read, and it made them wiser and better.

"I never dreamed anything like this when I was only a little blue flower in the field," said the paper. "How could I imagine that I should bring knowledge and joy to men! I cannot understand it myself, but it is really so. Each time I think that the song is ended, and then it begins again in some higher and better way. Now I shall be sent all over the world, so that people may read me. Once I had blue flowers, and now I have beautiful thoughts. I am happier than ever."

But the paper was not sent on its travels. It was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up into type. From the type hundreds of books were printed, so that many more persons could gain pleasure than from the written paper. For if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had half finished its journey.

"This is the wisest way," thought the written paper. "I really did not think of this. I shall stay at home and be held in honor like an old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. I could not have travelled about as they will. I am the happiest being in the world."

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers and laid on a shelf.

"After work, it is good to rest," said the paper. "Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my life and all the good that I have done. What will become of me now, I wonder. Something will surely happen. The song is not ended yet, I know."

One day all the paper on the shelf was taken down and laid on the hearth to be burned. People said it could not be sold to the grocer to wrap up butter and brown sugar because it was covered with writing.

The children in the house stood round the hearth, for they wished to see the paper blaze, and afterward to watch the red sparks among the ashes, going out one after the other.

They called it "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the "schoolmaster."

They often thought the last spark had gone, and one would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster!" but the next moment another spark would appear, as beautiful and bright as the others.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire. "Oh, oh!" it cried, as it burst into a bright flame.

The flames mounted up into the air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flowers; and they gleamed as the white linen had never been able to gleam. All the written letters became red for a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned to fire.

"Now I am mounting up to the sun," said a voice in the flames, as they darted up through the chimney and went out at the top.

Nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, with the bright red sparks dancing over them.

"The children are coming out of school," said the boys and girls, and they began to watch for the schoolmaster. It was great fun, and at last they sang over the dead ashes: —

"*Snip, snap, snurre,*
Basse lurre,
The song is ended."

But the sparks said, "The song is never ended; the most beautiful is yet to come."

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (Adapted).

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

ăt′tĭc	pĕ⸗s̱′ạnt	gär′d⸗n ẽr
nō′tĭç⸗	splĕn′dọr	wĭth′ẽr⸗d
nĕt′tl⸗s̱	rē joi′çĭng	rȧs̱p′bĕr rĭ⸗s̱
gĭl′dĕd	trăm′plĭng	dĭs cọn tĕn′tĕd

Far away in the forest grew a little fir tree. The sun shone, and the fresh air fluttered its leaves, but the little tree was not happy. It wished so much to be like the tall pines and firs which grew around it.

Sometimes the peasant children brought a large basket of raspberries or strawberries, strung on straws, and seated themselves near the fir tree. "Is it not a pretty little tree?" they said. This made it feel even more unhappy than before.

Still the tree grew a joint taller every year; for by the number of joints on the branches of a fir tree we can tell how old it is.

"Oh, how I wish I were as tall as the other trees!" sighed the little tree. "Then I would spread my branches so far, and overlook the wide world. The birds would build their nests in my

boughs, and when the wind blew, I should bow grandly, like my tall friends."

So unhappy was the tree that it took no pleasure in the warm sunshine, the birds, or the red clouds that floated over it morning and evening.

When it was winter and the snow lay white and glittering on the ground, a little hare often came springing along, and jumped right over the little tree's head. Oh, that made it so angry!

Two winters passed; and when the third came, the tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it. Still the tree was not satisfied.

"Oh! to grow, to grow!" thought the tree. "To be tall and old is the best thing in the world."

In the autumn the woodcutters came, as usual, and cut down several of the tallest trees; and the young fir, which was now well grown, trembled as the trees fell to the earth with a crash.

After the branches were cut off, the bare trunks were laid upon wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest. "Where were they going? What would become of them?" the young fir tree wished very much to know.

In the spring when the swallows and the storks came, the tree asked: "Do you know where those trees were taken? Did you meet them?"

The swallows did not know; but a stork nodded his head, and said: "Yes, I think I do. As I flew over the sea I met many new ships, and they had fine masts that smelled like fir."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go on the sea!" said the fir tree. "How does the sea look, and what is it like?"

"It would take too long to tell you," said the stork, flying quickly away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeams; "rejoice in thy growth and in thy young life."

The wind and the sun kissed the tree, and the rains watered it; but the fir tree did not notice them.

Christmas time came, and many young trees were cut down, some that were even smaller and younger than the fir tree, which still longed to leave its forest home. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, but they also were laid on wagons, and drawn by horses out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not taller than I am; indeed, one is much shorter. And why do they keep all their branches? Where are they going?"

"We know, we know," chirped the sparrows; "we have peeped in at the windows in the town, and we know where they are going. They are dressed in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, and covered with all sorts of beautiful things, — cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and many lighted candles."

"And then," asked the fir tree, trembling in all its boughs, "and then what happens?"

"We did not see any more," said the sparrows.

"I wonder whether anything like that will ever happen to me," thought the fir tree. "That would be better than crossing the sea. Oh, when will Christmas come? How I wish I were in the warm room, with all the brightness and splendor! I am weary with longing to go into the world."

"Rejoice in our love," said the air and the sunshine. "Rejoice in thy life in the fresh air."

But the tree did not rejoice, though it grew taller and taller every day.

One day, just before the next Christmas, the discontented fir tree was the first to be cut down. But it could not think of happiness now, for it was sad at leaving its home in the forest.

It knew that it would never again see its dear old friends, the trees, nor the little bushes and the flowers that had grown by its side.

The tree came to itself while being unpacked in a courtyard, with several other trees. He heard a man say: "This is the most beautiful. We will take only this one."

Then two men came and carried the fir tree into a large room.

They placed it in a tub, full of sand; but green cloth hung all round it, so that no one could see it was a tub. Oh, how the fir tree trembled! What was going to happen to it now? Then some ladies came, and began to dress the tree.

On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with sugar-plums. From other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and hundreds of red, blue, and white candles were fastened among the boughs.

Dolls and toys were placed among the green leaves, and at the very top was fastened a glittering golden star. It was very beautiful.

"Oh," thought the tree, "if it were only evening and all the candles were lighted! Then I should know what else is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? Will the sparrows peep in at the windows? I wonder if I shall stand here like this all through the winter and summer."

But the guessing was of no use.

At last the candles were lighted, and the tree trembled with joy in all its branches.

Soon the doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in as if to upset the tree. For a moment they stood silent with joy, then they shouted till the room echoed, and danced merrily round the tree, while one present after another was taken from it.

"What are they doing? What will happen next?" thought the tree. At last the candles burned down to the branches and were put out, one after the other.

Then the children rushed to the tree and pulled off everything but the glittering star which had been fastened to the top.

They danced about with their pretty toys, and no one looked at the tree, except the nurse, who peeped among the branches to see if an apple or a fig had been forgotten.

All night the tree stood still in deep thought.

In the morning the servants came in. "Now," thought the fir tree, "all my splendor will begin again." But they dragged it out of the room

and upstairs to the attic. Here they threw it on the floor, in a dark corner where no daylight could enter, and left it. "What does this mean?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? I can hear and see nothing in this place:" and it leaned against the wall, and thought and thought.

And it had time enough to think, for days and nights passed, and no one came near it.

When some one did come, it was only to push

away some large trunks in the corner. So the tree was hidden from sight and forgotten by every one.

At last, after a long time, some men came to clear up the attic. The boxes were packed away, and the tree was pulled out of the corner and thrown on the floor.

Then it was carried downstairs and taken into the yard. "Life is beginning again," said the tree, rejoicing in the fresh air and sunshine. "Now I shall live," and it spread out its branches. But, alas! it was no longer beautiful. Its leaves were all withered and yellow.

It lay in the corner among weeds and nettles, and the star of gold still hung in the top of the tree and glittered in the sunshine.

In the same yard two of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas. The younger saw the gold star, and ran to pull it off the tree. "Look what is sticking to the ugly old Christmas tree," cried the child, trampling on the branches till they cracked under his feet.

The tree saw all the fresh bright flowers in the

garden, and then looked at itself. It wished it had stayed in the dark corner in the attic.

It thought of its youth in the forest, and of the merry Christmas evening.

"Gone! gone!" said the poor tree. "Oh, if I had only enjoyed myself while I could! But now it is too late."

The gardener's boy came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large heap of wood lay on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire, and they blazed up brightly, while the tree sighed deeply.

The children, who were at play, came and rested themselves in front of the fire, and watched it burn and snap. But at every snap there was a deep sigh, which they could not hear.

The tree was thinking of the summer days in the forest, of the winter nights there, when the stars shone brightly, and of the Christmas evening when it was so beautiful.

And so the tree was burned. Now all was ended. The tree's life was ended, and the story also; for all stories must come to an end.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (Adapted).

MOTHER HOLLE

plĕn'tў	sẽr'vĭçɸ	spĭn'dlɸ
ĕn'ẽr ġў	prŏp'ẽr	anx'ious
dĭs'tạnçɸ	pẽrchɸd	dĭs cȯv'ẽrɸd
lōɸvɸs	ō blīġɸd'	cŏt'tāġɸ

A widow, who lived in a cottage at a little distance from the village, had two daughters. One of them was beautiful and industrious, the other idle and ugly.

The mother loved the ugly one best, because she was her own child. She cared so little for the other that she made her do all the work and be like a Cinderella in the house.

Poor maiden, she was obliged to go every day and seat herself by the side of a well which stood near the broad highway. Here she had to sit and spin till her fingers bled.

One day when the spindle was so covered with blood that she could not use it, she rose and dipped it in the water of the well to wash it. While she was doing so, it slipped from her hand and fell to the bottom.

In terror and tears, she ran and told her stepmother what had happened.

The woman scolded her. "As you have let the spindle fall into the water," she said, "you may go and get it, for I will not buy another."

The maiden went back to the well, and, hardly knowing what she was about, threw herself into the water to get the spindle.

At first she knew nothing, but as her senses returned, she found herself in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining brightly and thousands of flowers were growing.

She walked a long way across the meadow, until she came to a baker's oven which was full of new bread. The loaves cried, "Ah, pull us out! pull us out, or we shall burn; we have been so long baking!"

Then she stepped near to the oven and with the long bread-shovel took out the loaves.

She walked on after this, and presently came to a tree full of apples. The tree cried, "Shake me, shake me! My apples are ripe!"

She shook the tree till the fruit fell around her like rain, and at last there was not one apple left upon it.

After this she gathered the apples into one large heap, and went on farther.

Soon she came to a small house, and looking at it she saw an old woman peeping out. The woman had such large teeth that the girl was frightened and turned to run away.

The old woman cried after her, "What dost thou fear, dear child? Come and live here with me, and do all the work in the house, and I will make you happy. You must, however, take care to make my bed well, and to shake it with energy,

for then the feathers fly about, and in the world they will say it snows, for I am Mother Holle."

As the old woman talked in this kind manner, she won the maiden's heart, so that she agreed to enter her service.

She took care to shake the bed well, so that the feathers might fly down like snowflakes. Therefore she had a very happy life with Mother Holle. She had plenty to eat and drink, and never heard an angry word.

After she had stayed a long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel sad. She could not explain to herself why, till at last she discovered that she was homesick. It seemed to her a thousand times better to go home than to stay with Mother Holle, though the old woman made her so happy.

The longing to go home grew so strong that at last she was obliged to speak.

"Dear Mother Holle," she said, "you have been very kind to me, but I have such sorrow in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer. I must return to my own people."

"Good," said Mother Holle, "I am pleased to

hear that you are longing to go home. As you have served me so well and truly, I will show you the way myself."

So she took her by the hand and led her to a broad gateway. The gate was open, and as the young girl passed through there fell upon her a shower of gold. It clung to her dress and remained hanging to it, so that she was covered with gold from head to foot.

"This is your reward for having been so industrious," said the old woman. As she spoke she placed in her hand the spindle which had fallen into the well.

The great gate closed softly and the maiden found herself once more in the world, and not far from her stepmother's house. As she entered the farmyard a cock perched on the wall crowed loudly, and cried, "Our golden lady has come home, I see!"

She went in to her stepmother; and because she was so covered with gold both the mother and sister welcomed her kindly. The maiden told all that had happened to her; and when the mother heard how her wealth had been

gained, she was anxious that her own ugly and idle daughter should try her fortune in the same way.

So she made her sit at the well and spin; but the girl, who wished to have all the riches without working for them, did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed.

She pricked her finger, and pushed her hand in the thorn-bushes, till at last a few spots of blood dropped on the spindle.

As soon as she saw these spots she let the spindle fall into the water and sprang in after it herself. Just as her sister had done, she found herself in a beautiful meadow.

She walked for some distance along the same path till she came to the baker's oven. She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out, pull us out! or we shall burn; we have been so long baking!"

But the idle girl answered, "No, indeed, I have no wish to soil my hands with your dirty oven;" and so she walked on till she came to the apple tree.

"Shake me, shake me!" it cried; "for my apples are ripe."

"I do not agree to that at all," she replied, "for some of the apples might fall on my head;" and as she spoke she walked lazily on farther.

When at last she stood before the door of Mother Holle's house, she had no fear of her great teeth, for she had heard all about them from her sister. She walked up to the old woman and offered to be her servant.

Mother Holle accepted the offer of her help. For a whole day the girl was very industrious, as

she thought of the gold that was to be showered upon her.

On the second day, however, she gave way to her laziness, and on the third it was worse. Several days passed, and she would not get up early in the morning. The bed was never shaken so that the feathers could fly about.

At last Mother Holle was tired of her, and said she must go away; that her help was not needed.

The lazy girl was quite overjoyed at going, for she thought the golden rain was sure to come when Mother Holle led her to the gate. But as she passed under it, a large kettle full of soot was upset over her.

"That is the reward of your service," said the old woman as she shut the gate.

The idle girl walked home with the soot sticking all over her. As she entered the yard the cock on the wall cried out, "Our sooty young lady has come home, I see."

The soot stuck closely and hung all about her hair and her clothes, and do what she would as long as she lived, it never would come off again.

—William Grimm (Adapted).

THE STRAW, THE COAL AND THE BEAN

hȼärth	lŭck'ĭ lў	dĭs'tąnçȼ
tāȷ'lọr	cŏm'rădȼs̱	strĕʈchȼd
ĕs cāpȼd'	fôr'tū nātȼ	ŭn fôr'tū nātȼ lў

One day an old woman who lived in a village gathered some beans from her garden to cook for her dinner.

She had a good fire on her hearth, but to make it burn more quickly she threw on a handful of straw. As she threw the beans into the kettle to boil, one of them fell on the floor, not far from a wisp of the straw.

Suddenly a glowing coal bounced out of the fire and fell close to them.

They both started away and exclaimed: "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler. What brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat luckily made me so strong that I was able to jump from the fire. Had I not done so, I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"Then," said the bean, "I have also escaped

with a whole skin; for had the old woman put me in the kettle with my comrades, I should have been boiled to broth."

"I might have shared the same fate," said the straw, "for all my brothers were pushed into the fire and smoke by the old woman. She packed sixty of us in a bundle and brought us in here to take away our lives, but I managed to slip through her fingers."

"Well, now what shall we do with ourselves?" said the coal. "We cannot stay here. If we do the old woman will find us."

"I think," answered the bean, "as we have been so fortunate as to escape death, we may as well be friends, and travel away together to see the world."

The two others gladly agreed; so they all started at once on their journey. After travelling a little distance, they came to a stream over which there was no bridge of any kind, not even one of wood. They were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

At last the straw took courage and said: "I will lay myself across the stream from one bank to the

other. Then you can cross the brook by walking over me as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was rather hot-headed, tripped out boldly on the newly built bridge.

But when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him, he was so frightened that he stood still, gazing about him, and not daring to move a step farther for fear of falling into the stream.

Sad was the result; for the straw, being slightly scorched in the middle by the heat still

in the coal, broke in pieces and fell into the brook. The coal, with a hiss, slid after him into the water and was drowned.

The bean, who had stayed behind on the shore, was much amused at the sight and laughed so heartily when she saw what had happened, that she burst her skin.

Now she would have been in a worse plight than her comrades, but fortunately a tailor who had come to rest by the brook, saw her lying on the bank.

He was a kind-hearted man, so he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, and taking the bean up from the sand, he skilfully sewed the broken skin together.

When he had finished she thanked him very much. Unfortunately, however, he had nothing but black thread to sew with, so since that time beans have a black stripe on one side.

— William Grimm.

FAIRY FOLK

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.

Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

—William Allingham.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF JAPAN

băt′tl̸ dōr̸	spē̸ārṣ	lŭl′lą bȳ
shŭt′tl̸ cŏck	sw̸ōrd	dĭf′fĭ cŭlt
ŭn ū′sū ą̄l	băm bo͞o′	cọn sĭd′ĕr̸d

The Japanese baby is the happiest baby in the world. He is never scolded, he rarely cries, and although he is never rocked to sleep, as there are no cradles and no rocking-chairs in Japan, he seems perfectly contented with his lot.

There are no carriages for the baby to ride in, yet he spends a large part of each day out-of-doors.

He is sometimes strapped to his mother's back, and rides about in this way, just as the Indian baby does. More often he is fastened to the back of his elder brother or sister.

The child acting as horse does not play quietly, but enters into the games with the other children, bouncing balls, flying kites, or playing battledore and shuttlecock.

The baby often goes to sleep, and his head rolls about as if it would surely come off. If he is wakened by an unusual twist, his sister stops playing and dances up and down, humming a soft lullaby, until he sleeps again.

Nowhere in the world do the children have so many good times as in Japan. There they are allowed to play anywhere and everywhere, and there are all sorts of toys and games for their amusement.

For the boys there are tops, kites, toy spears, swords, soldiers, bows and arrows. They enjoy especially playing soldier and having sham battles, shooting at figures made of straw.

The girls' toys are usually tiny models of Japanese houses and furniture, and the dolls who live

in these toy houses are treated just as the mothers treat their own children.

They are dressed and undressed, put to bed, taken out walking and calling, and allowed to give tea-parties, to which their doll friends are invited.

Some of the dolls look so much like live babies that it is difficult to tell whether the little girl is playing or taking care of her baby brother.

In the winter, when the snow is on the ground, the children slide and coast, and the boys make forts and snow-men, and have battles with snow-balls in their forts.

With all this play and fun the children must do some work each day; in fact they are taught to be very industrious. The girls learn to sew and cook, sweep and dust; and in the country the boys work in the fields of rice and tea.

There are schools for the boys, where they learn reading and writing, and a little arithmetic. Their school begins at seven o'clock in the morning and closes at twelve. Then they go home to dinner, and the afternoon is devoted to work and play.

The girls attend a school where they, too, are taught a little reading and writing, but it is con-

sidered far more important for them to learn to make and serve tea and arrange flowers.

The Japanese house is low and small, and looks almost like a toy house. The frame of the house is made of bamboo, and the walls are made of thick paper stretched over the frame. There are no doors, and the windows are made of thin paper and cannot be opened.

The walls are like sliding doors, and when any one wishes to enter the house, he pushes aside the wall and steps into the room.

Inside the house there are no chairs of any kind, no beds and no stoves: the tables are only six inches high and about a foot square.

All of the cooking is done over a dish of coals set in a larger dish of sand.

The children in Japan eat neither bread nor butter, milk nor coffee, pudding nor pies. Their food consists mainly of rice and other vegetables, and is served in tiny bowls and eaten with chopsticks.

As there are no chairs, every one must sit on the floor, and as there are no beds, every one sleeps on the floor also.

At night the walls of the house are shut tight, and each member of the family takes a hot bath. Then he puts on the clothes he has worn all day, gets into a curious sleeping-bag, and lies down on the floor. His pillow is a block of wood, on which is placed a tiny cushion, and his covering is a soft rug.

The Japanese lanterns which are used in this country for decoration are very common in Japan. Every one who walks through the streets at night is obliged to carry one; and they are also hung in front of the houses. If it rains, an umbrella is hung over the lantern.

THE DOLL FESTIVAL

ĕm′pĕr ŏr	săn′dạl	cûsh′i̯ŏn
ĕm′prĕss	dĭs plāy′ed′	cū′rĭ ŭs
çĕl ē brā′tion	chrȳs ăn′thē mŭm	fĕs′tĭ vạl

The little Japanese children have never heard of Santa Claus. They have no Thanksgiving Day, and no Fourth of July celebration, but they have many holidays of which you have never heard.

There is the Cherry-Blossom Feast in the spring, and the Chrysanthemum Feast in the fall; for in this far-away land the people love these flowers so much that they have festivals in their honor.

Then there is the Doll Festival for the girls, and the Flag Festival for the boys.

The Doll Festival comes once a year, on the third day of March, and on that day every little girl in the land has a merry, happy time.

In nearly every large house in Japan there is a store-room filled with boxes which are brought out and opened after the children are fast asleep on the night before the festival.

The dolls are in these boxes, where they have been carefully packed away for a whole year.

How many dolls do you suppose there are sometimes for two little girls to play with in one day?

Haru and Lugi have over one hundred, besides boxes and boxes filled with beautiful clothes.

Some of the dolls are more than two hundred years old, and belonged to Haru's grandmother's great-grandmother.

Then there are dolls which belonged to Haru's mother, and to her grandmother. Very old dolls they are, but none of them are cracked or broken, and none of the dresses are torn.

One of the dolls is dressed like the Emperor and one like the Empress of Japan. Some are little ladies and gentlemen of the court, some are girl-babies, and some are little boys.

Many of the dolls are no more than six inches tall, but the doll Haru likes best is four feet from the top of her head to the sole of her tiny sandal, — taller than little Haru herself.

Besides the dolls there are small tables on which dishes and cups filled with rice-cakes and tea are placed, for this is the Feast of Dolls, and they must have something to eat, even if Haru and Lugi have to eat it for them.

In the same room are displayed all sorts of toys and games, everything that little Japanese girls like to play with, and such a good time as they have all the long day!

They wake up very early in the morning, as early as you do on Christmas Day, and as soon as they are dressed they hurry to the feast-room.

First of all each doll must be dressed in his very best. Then the emperor and empress are seated on their

thrones, and all the other dolls kneel before them and bow respectfully, touching the floor with their heads three times.

By this time the dolls are surely hungry, so they are seated at the little tables, and they eat the rice-cakes and drink the tea, just as your dolls eat and drink.

If you ever go to Japan, and are invited to this feast, you must drink all of your tea, and put everything which you do not eat into your pocket. It is considered very rude to leave even a crumb on your plate.

By and by it is time for the dolls to be put to bed, so their beautiful clothes are taken off, their curious sleeping-coats are put on, and each head is laid on a pillow which is made of a block of wood with a cushion on it. You can easily imagine that it takes the little girls a long time to get such a large family ready for bed.

Haru and Lugi are put to bed, too, in just the same way, with the same kind of a pillow, and then the dolls are packed in their boxes and stored away for another whole year, until the third day of the third month shall come again.

THE FLAG FESTIVAL

dē vō′tĕd	cärp	bā̤ĭt′ĕd
ĕn tīr¢′lў	ē rĕc′tĕd	cŭr′rent
ū′nĭ fôrm	a̤s sĕm′bl¢s̤	hĕl′mĕt

The Japanese boys do not enjoy the Doll Festival. They are left alone all day to amuse themselves, while the girls play with their dolls, toys, and games.

But on the Fifth Day of the Fifth Month is the Flag Festival, and this is devoted entirely to the boys.

Now the shop windows are filled with flags and toys. Besides these are all kinds of games and kites, and hundreds of huge paper fishes. There are no dolls for girls to play with, but thousands of Japanese toy soldiers, generals, captains, and

heroes, dressed in uniform. Some are on foot and others on horseback.

Then there are all kinds of toy animals, monkeys, horses, and dogs, together with tents, houses, spears, and arrows.

It is only in April and May that such toys as these are sold, just as the girls' dolls and games are sold only in February and March.

On the evening of the fourth day of May the box containing all the old toys and flags — toys used by the grandfathers and great-grandfathers — are taken from the storeroom and carried to the room in which the dolls held their festival. Here the toys are unpacked and displayed.

Now it is the boys' turn, and they are awake and dressed in the morning almost before it is light. They rush to the feast-room to find their new toys and to look at the curious old ones that they have played with in the previous years.

After breakfast all the family assembles in front of the house, where already a tall pole has been erected.

The father carries in his arms a bundle of paper fishes, a fish for every boy in his family.

He fastens each fish to the rope on the pole and his oldest son proudly raises it.

The fish is a huge paper carp. It is made hollow, so that the breeze will fill it and make it oval like a real carp. Some of these fishes are twenty feet long, and as the wind blows they tug at their lines like live fishes with baited hooks in their mouths.

All day long these fishes sail and float in the air, and the boys watch them from the house-tops, or play with their toys in the feast-room.

Why do the Japanese make these paper carp, and why are they raised in honor of the boys?

The carp is a fish that lives in the rivers of Japan; it can leap high out of the water and jump over rocks; it can even leap over waterfalls, and swim against a strong current.

The Japanese fathers wish to have their sons brave and strong, able to overcome difficulties and to face any danger.

So they display this fish on the boys' feast-day, and tell their sons of its strength and power, trying to teach them the value of courage and the glory of victory.

They also give to each son a toy helmet to remind him that one day he may be a soldier. These helmets are very curious. They are much like a mask, with a fringe of hair on each side and two large horns in front, almost ugly enough to frighten the enemy.

After the boys have played at war with their soldiers, they put on their helmets and go into the garden, taking their bows and arrows.

Here they play at war again, shooting at soldiers made of straw with their sharp-pointed arrows.

When night comes the toys are packed away in the storeroom for another year, but the boys do not soon forget their battles and their victories.

THE APE AND THE CRAB

mȯn′kḝy	vĭs′ĭt	wȯn′dĕr ĭng
dĭs māy′	grē̆e′dy	sŭg ġĕs′tĕd
grē̆et′ĭng	prŏm′ĭsȩ	rē mīn′dĕd

A crab who lived in a sand-hill was sitting at his door in the sun eating a rice-cake.

An ape went by, carrying an orange-seed. Seeing the rice-cake, he called out: "Good-morning, Mr. Crab. I will give you this seed for your little cake. You can plant the seed and raise more oranges than you can use, but when you have eaten the cake, that is the end of it."

The crab took the seed and planted it in his garden. As soon as the plant came up, he watered it and tended it very carefully.

One day, when the plant had grown to be a large tree and was covered with ripe oranges, the ape came again to visit the crab.

After greeting the ape, the crab showed him the tree, and said: "I am sorry that I cannot give you some of the oranges, but I cannot climb into the tree. I wait for the ripe fruit to fall to the ground. If you will climb up and pick the oranges, I will give you half of them to take home to your family."

The ape gladly climbed among the branches and picked all of the ripe fruit. Then he sat down on one of the highest limbs and began to eat the ripest oranges, throwing a green one at the crab now and then, and almost breaking his shell.

The poor crab watched the ape in dismay for a while, wondering how he could get some of his own fruit.

At last he thought of a plan. Crawling quickly to the foot of the tree, he sat down, and began talking, as if he were thinking aloud.

"What a wonderful animal that ape is," he said. "He can climb up into a tree as easily as

I can run. It must be very difficult. I wonder if he can come down as well. Of course he could jump down, but how much better it would be if he could climb down head first."

The ape, hearing this, threw down the orange he was eating, and began climbing down the tree, head first, as the crab had suggested.

As he came down, the oranges rolled out of his pockets and fell to the ground. The crab picked them up and hurried home.

"You have eaten your share of my fruit, and that is the end of it," he said, when the ape reminded him of his promise. "These oranges which I have will last a long time, and I can plant the seeds and raise more trees. If you had not been so greedy, you would, at least, have the seeds to plant for yourself.

"An orange-seed is no better than a rice-cake when it is eaten, but a tree bears ripe fruit every year."

THE FROG TRAVELLERS

Ki ō′tō	ĕn′ġĭnȩ̨	sä yo͝n ä′rä
O zä′kä	hĕr′o͝n	ăd vĕn′tūrȩ̨
vĕxȩ̨d	tĕl′ē grȧph	rē spĕct′fŭl lў
păck′āġȩ̨	lănd′scāpȩ̨	săt′ĭs fīȩ̨d

Long, long ago, before the white man came across the Sea of Peace to Japan, before the screaming engines frightened the white heron from the rice-fields, and before the sparrows perched on telegraph wires, there lived two frogs, one in a well at Kioto, the other in a pond at Ozaka.

In the land of Japan there is a proverb that "the frog in the well knows not the great ocean." The Kioto frog had heard this said many times by the maids who came to draw water, and one day he became vexed at their laughter.

"I will stay here no longer," he said to himself. "I will go at once to see this great ocean of which they talk. I do not believe it is half as wide or as deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in the daytime, but I will at least know what it looks like."

THE WELL IN KIOTO

Then Mr. Frog told his family that he was going on a journey, going out to Ozaka to see the great ocean. So Mrs. Frog gave him a package of boiled rice and snails, and tying it round his neck he set off on his journey.

When he came out of the well, he saw that the other animals did not leap, but walked upright on their legs. He thought he must walk in the same way, so he stood up on his hind legs and waddled off slowly across the fields.

On this very same day the frog who lived in the pond decided to see more of the world.

"Sayonara," he said to Mrs. Frog, as he jumped from a lily-pad into the grass, "I am tired of sitting here in the sun thinking and blinking, so I am going to Kioto."

It so happened that the Kioto frog and the frog from Ozaka met on a hill halfway between the two cities.

"Good morning," said one, bowing his head to the ground three times.

"Good morning," said the other, also bowing respectfully.

Then they sank down in a shady spot, for they

were very tired and lame from trying to walk on their hind feet.

"Where are you going?" asked the Ozaka frog. "This is a fine day for a journey."

"I started out to see the great ocean at Ozaka, of which I have heard so often," replied the frog who lived in the well, "but I am so tired that I think I shall be satisfied with looking at it from the top of this hill."

"I am going to Kioto," said the other frog.

"It is a long journey, my friend," said the Kioto frog. "Why do you not look at it from this hill and save yourself the trouble of walking all the way?"

"That is a good plan, friend," said the frog from Ozaka.

Then the two frogs climbed to the top of a flat rock, and stood up on their hind legs, the Kioto frog facing the great ocean at Ozaka, and the other facing the city of Kioto.

A frog's eyes, as you know very well, are so placed that when he sits comfortably at home on his lily-pad, he looks before him. But when he stands on his hind legs with his head in the air, he sees only what is behind him.

Standing in this way, on top of the rock, the frogs looked long and steadily at the landscape. At last, being very tired, they sat down again.

"Ozaka looks exactly like my home," said the Kioto frog; "and as for the ocean, I saw nothing larger than the brook I swam across this morning."

"You are right," said the other. "Kioto looks just like Ozaka. They are as much alike as two grains of rice. I am glad that I met you, for you have saved me much trouble. I shall return to my pond at once. Sayonara, my friend."

"Sayonara," said the Kioto frog.

Then the two frogs jumped to the ground and hurried off, leaping as a frog should do, and thus reaching home in a short time.

That night they told their friends about their adventures, and still the frog in the pond thinks he has seen the great world, and "the frog in the well knows not the great ocean."

A CHINESE SCHOOL

ĕx plāi̯nɸd′	cn̤ fū′sion	cŏm pō sĭ′tion
lēɸr′nĕd	sĕp′a̤ rātɸ lў	sŭb trăc′tion
a̤s sĭs′ta̤nçɸ	ĭn clud′ĕd	cn̤m plēt′ĕd
mĭs tākɸ′	mem′ō rў	vā cā′tion

When I was a little boy I lived in China two or three years. I did not go to school, because my parents did not wish to have me learn the Chinese language, but I visited them several times with my father.

I do not believe that you would like to go to a school in that strange land; let me tell you about one which I visited.

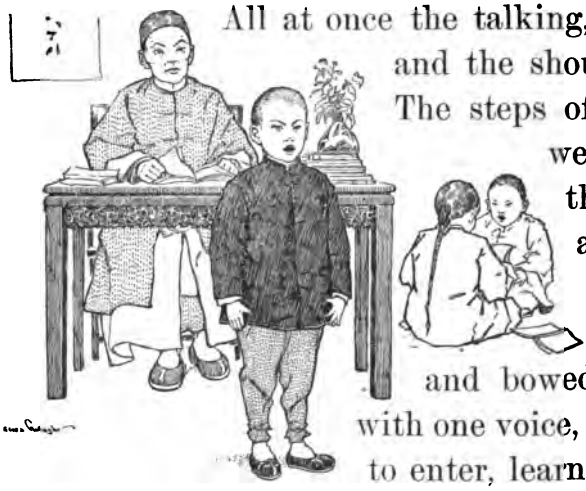
I started with my father very early in the morning, even before the sun rose, as the school begins at six o'clock both in summer and winter.

The school was kept in the large hall of the home of one of the pupils. When we opened the door we heard such a noise that I supposed the boys were playing, but my father explained that they were studying their lessons.

As we entered, they laid aside their books,

rose, and bowed respectfully; then they sat down again on the floor, and seemed to me to shout louder than ever.

Occasionally one boy stopped to talk with another who sat near him. Two of the boys were playing with tiny rice-bags; and a third had given his book to a friend and was repeating his lesson to him at the top of his voice.



All at once the talking, the playing and the shouting ceased. The steps of the master were heard in the hall, and as the door opened the pupils rose and bowed, crying out with one voice, "Be pleased to enter, learned master."

The master then took his seat, and the boys returned to their studies.

The eldest boy took his book to the teacher's desk, turned his back to him, and recited his lesson. This is called "backing the lesson," and

shows that the boy can recite without the master's assistance. As this boy repeated the words of the book without a mistake, he returned to his seat and began his writing lesson.

Each boy took his turn at reciting, while the others studied aloud. You can imagine the confusion. If the teacher was obliged to prompt a pupil more than once, he had to study his lesson again and recite after the others. When all had finished, the master examined the writing. Then the school was dismissed for breakfast.

When the pupils returned, the master taught the lesson for the next day to each one separately. He read it several times, and the pupil repeated it until he had learned the words.

At noon the boys went home to dinner, and were allowed to play until the middle of the afternoon, when they came back again to study until sunset. After their early supper the older pupils returned again to the schoolroom, to work during the evening.

The master explained to my father that the course of study included only reading, writing, composition, and a little arithmetic.

When the boy first goes to school he begins at once to learn to read. There is no alphabet in the Chinese language, but there are about three thousand words, which he must commit to memory.

He takes his book to the teacher and hears him read a column or two; then he returns to his seat and studies the lesson aloud until he can recite it by rote. In this way he commits the whole book to memory; and he is expected to know it so well that he can repeat any part of it at any time.

Seven books are studied and learned in this way before the course in reading is completed.

The Chinese written language is very different from the spoken language, and this, too, must be learned. The writing is done with a brush, and is considered as great an art in China as painting or drawing in other countries.

The school year begins about three weeks after New Year's Day, and continues until the middle of the twelfth month. There are no vacations and few holidays. Unlike the boys and girls of America, Chinese pupils have no Saturdays as holidays, and no Sundays as rest days.

DICK WHITTINGTON

pāv′ɸd	vĕn′tūrɸ	ăd vīṣɸd′
cär′gō	jĕɸl′ɸŭs	pọs sĕs′sions
ạ būsɸ′	mẽr′chạnt	ĕm broi′dẽrɸd
plāgɸɸ	dē prīvɸ′	căb′ĭ nĕt
voy′āġɸ	cọn sĕn′tĕd	măj′ĕs tў

Many years ago there lived in England a boy whose name was Richard Whittington, but every one called him Dick.

Dick's father and mother died when he was a baby, and the woman who took care of him was very poor.

Sometimes he had no breakfast nor dinner, and

he was often glad to get a crust of bread or a bit of cold potato.

In spite of this, Dick grew to be a very bright boy. He liked to listen when people were talking, and in this way he learned a great deal.

He often heard the village people speak of London. They had never seen this great city, but they believed that all the streets were paved with gold and silver, that every one there was very rich, and that singing and music could be heard all the day long.

One day a wagon drawn by eight black horses, with bells on their heads, was driven into the little town. Dick saw the wagon standing before the door of the inn, and thought that anything so fine must surely be going to London.

When the driver came out, Dick asked him if he might walk by the side of the wagon. When the man learned that the lad had no father nor mother, and that he was very poor, he told him he might go with him if he wished.

It was a long walk for the little fellow; but at last he came to the great city of London. He was in such a hurry to see the streets paved with

gold and silver, that he ran about all day trying to find one.

He had once seen a piece of gold money, and he knew that it would buy a great many things, so he thought that if he could pick up a bit of gold pavement he could buy everything that he wanted.

Poor Dick ran about till he was tired. It began to grow dark, and he had not found a single bit of gold; so he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

In the morning he woke up very hungry, but there was not even a crust of bread for him to eat. He was so hungry that he forgot all about the gold pavements, and thought only of food.

He walked up and down the streets asking every one whom he met to give him a penny, so that he could buy something to eat.

"Go to work and earn one, you lazy boy," said some of them; and others passed by without looking at him.

"I wish I could go to work," thought Dick.

At last he was so hungry and tired that he could go no farther, so he sat down at the door of a large house. The cook, who was busy getting dinner,

soon saw him and called out: "What are you doing there, boy? If you don't run away I will throw this dish-water over you. I have some here that is hot enough to make you jump."

Just then the master of the house came home to dinner. When he saw the ragged boy at the door, he said: "What are you doing here, my lad? You seem to be old enough to work; I am afraid that you are a lazy little fellow."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick, "I would be glad to work, but I do not know anybody, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Fitzwarren; "come in, and I will see if I can help you."

The kind merchant gave the lad a good dinner, and then told the cook to give him some work.

Dick would have been very happy in this new home if it had not been for the cross cook, who scolded him from morning till night, and often boxed his ears and beat him with the broom.

At last, little Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, heard how he was treated, and she told the cook that she would be sent away if she were not kinder to the lad.

After that he was better treated, but he had another trouble. His bed was in the garret, and at night great numbers of rats and mice came through the holes in the floor and made so much noise that he was not able to sleep.

One day a gentleman gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes, and he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next morning he saw a girl who was carrying a cat in her arms.

DICK WHITTINGTON

"I will give you this penny for your cat," he said.

"Very well, you may have her," said the girl; "and you will find that she is an excellent mouser."

Dick kept his cat in the garret and gave her a part of his dinner each day. In a short time there was not a rat nor a mouse to trouble him, and he slept soundly every night.

Soon after this, Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He called his servants together and asked them if they had anything to send in the ship for trade.

Every one had something to send but Dick, and as he had neither money nor goods, he stayed in the kitchen.

Little Alice missed him and guessed why he did not come, so she said to her father: "Poor Dick ought to have a chance, too, Papa. I have a little money in my purse. May I not send it for him?"

"No, my child," said the merchant; "each one must send something of his own."

Then he said to one of the men, "Tell Dick to come here."

When the lad came into the room he said to him, "What are you going to send out on my ship?"

"I have nothing, sir," replied the boy, "nothing but my cat, which I bought for a penny."

"Bring your cat, then, my good boy," said the merchant, "and let her go on the voyage. Perhaps some good may come of it."

Dick went up to the garret, brought down poor puss, and, with tears in his eyes, took her to the captain of the vessel.

Everybody laughed at Dick's odd venture, but Alice felt sorry for the little boy and gave him money to buy another cat.

This act of kindness made the cook jealous of poor Dick, and she was crosser than ever, and was always making fun of him for sending his cat to sea.

"Do you think the cat will sell for money enough to buy a stick to beat you?" she asked him.

At last Dick could not bear her abuse any longer, so he made up his mind to run away. He started early in the morning and walked far out into the country.

There he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called "Whittington's Stone."

While he was wondering what he should do next, the bells of Bow Church began to ring. He listened, and they seemed to say to him: —

"*Turn again, Whittington,*
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London," he said to himself; "I would do almost anything to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach when I am a man! I will go back and think nothing of the fussing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor at last."

So Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the kitchen and set about his work before the cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, had a long and stormy voyage, and was at last driven to a strange land.

The people of this country had never seen any Englishmen, and they came in great crowds to see the sailors and to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded.

When the captain saw this, he sent some of the most beautiful things he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased that he sent for the captain to come to his palace.

When the captain arrived, the king and queen invited him to dine with them. A number of jewelled dishes were brought in and placed on beautiful rugs, which were embroidered with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen seated themselves on soft cushions, and the captain was obliged to do the same.

They had hardly begun to eat, however, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in and helped themselves. The captain was much surprised and asked if they did not find the rats very troublesome.

"Oh, yes," answered the king; "I would give half of my possessions to be freed from them. They not only destroy my dinner, as you see, but they come to my chamber and disturb me."

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered little Whittington and his cat; and he told the king that he had a creature on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice.

Now it was the king's turn to be delighted. "Bring this creature to me," he cried; "and if she will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain pretended that he did not wish to part with the cat, and told his majesty that when she was gone the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship; but finally, to oblige him, he consented to bring her to the palace.

"Run, run!" said the queen; "I am in a hurry to see the dear creature."

The captain hurried to his vessel; and while he was gone, another dinner was prepared. When he returned, the table was covered with rats.

As soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms, and in a few minutes killed many of the rats and mice. The rest fled to their holes in terror.

The king and queen were delighted to get rid of such a plague so easily, and wished to see the creature that had driven them away.

The captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy," and she came running to him. He handed her to the queen, but she was at first afraid to touch such a furry animal. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and said, "Putty, putty," for she could not speak English.

The captain then put the cat on the queen's lap, where she purred and sang herself to sleep.

The king wished to buy the cat at once. First he bought the whole of the ship's cargo; then he gave the captain ten times as much more for the cat.

The captain took leave of the king and queen, and set sail the next day for England.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just seated himself at his desk, when somebody knocked at the door. "Who's there?" asked the merchant.

"A friend," was the reply. "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*."

The merchant opened the door, and there stood the captain with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading.

He soon told Mr. Fitzwarren the story of the cat, and showed him a rich present which the queen had sent to Dick.

As soon as the merchant heard of this, he called to his servants: —

"*Go bring him — we will tell him of his fame;*
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now proved himself to be a good and honest man; for when some of his servants said that so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "I would not deprive him of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who was scouring kettles for the cook and was very dirty.

The merchant ordered a chair set for him, and Dick began to think they were making fun of him. "Do not play tricks with a poor simple boy like me," he said. "Please let me go back to my work."

"We are not joking, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant. "The captain has sold your cat to the king of a foreign land, and has brought you in return more riches than I possess in the world."

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the man to open the box of jewels and display the treasure.

Poor Dick was so happy that he did not know what to say. He begged his master to take a part of his wealth, since he owed it all to his kindness.

"No, no," said the merchant; "it is all yours. I have no doubt that you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then little Alice, to accept part of his treasure, but they would not do so.

The lad was too kind-hearted, however, to keep it all for himself. He gave a present to the captain and sailors, and to each of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even forgetting the cross cook.

After this, the merchant advised him to dress himself like a gentleman, and invited him to live in his house till he could provide one for himself.

Years later, when Richard Whittington had grown to be a man, and was very rich and generous, he was indeed made Lord Mayor of London.

NOTES ON THE STORIES AND POEMS

(To be read by teachers and pupils)

Child Life in Colonial Days describes something of the habits and customs of the quaint, old-fashioned little folk whose parents sought and found a new home in this land of ours. The difference between the life of children in those days and that of to-day is very striking, and our own advantages cannot be too strongly emphasized.

An Old-Fashioned School and **The Pine-Tree Shillings** are selected and adapted from "Grandfather's Chair," a collection of historical facts woven into the form of short stories for children by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), a celebrated American author. He wrote also for children "The Snow-Image" and "Twice Told Tales," as well as a series of novels that have given him the foremost place among American novelists.

The Jack-o'-Lantern and **Two Brass Kettles** are true stories which illustrate the dangers of the life of the colonists during the wars with the Indians, and the bravery of the women and children in the face of these dangers. These two incidents occurred in Massachusetts. Many similar stories are found in the annals of each of the thirteen colonies.

Boston Boys of 1776 is based on historic fact, but the exact location of the coast which was destroyed by the British soldiers is a disputed point. Certain it is, however, that the coast was destroyed, and that the boys were successful in their appeal to General Gage for redress.

Elizabeth Zane. This story is true, the event taking place in a small town in Ohio. Elizabeth Zane was by no means the

only girl who showed courage and bravery during the War of the Revolution, but her name is among the most familiar.

The Land of Story Books and **The Land of Nod** are selected from "A Child's Garden of Verses" by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894). Children cannot be too familiar with this book and with the charming bits of verse which it contains. Among the most popular of these are "My Shadow," "The Friendly Cow," and "Bed in Summer."

Indian Children describes a little of the life of the boys and girls who lived here before this country was settled by the white men, and therefore before the Indians learned the customs of civilized nations. The Indian child of to-day has very different habits and surroundings.

Pocahontas is the most striking and attractive girl-figure in the recorded history of the Indian race, — a history written mainly by the enemies of the Red Man. Her personality may serve to inform the child that the Indians were not without humane traits, despite the tendency of literature to emphasize their ferocity.

Seven Times Four. This poem, by Jean Ingelow (1820–1899), forms the fourth in a series entitled "Songs of Seven." The children should already be familiar with "Seven Times One" and "Seven Times Two."

The North Wind and the Duck and **Why the Mole is Blind** are selected from the large store of Indian myths. The North American Indians, like all uncivilized peoples, had a habit of explaining the facts which they did not understand by means of stories which were handed down from father to son. The facts that the mole had no eyes and that the duck lived and thrived in the cold north wind when its icy breath drove other birds to warmer lands, furnished excellent opportunity for the imagination of the natives of our continent.

The Last Lesson in French is translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet. Alsace and Lorraine are two provinces lying on the border between France and Germany, which were for many years disputed territory, seized first by one nation and then by the other. When Germany, after the war of 1870, took possession of Alsace (which it still holds), the people were obliged to conform to German laws and customs. This selection gives a touching picture of one of the results of the conquest.

Incident of the French Camp was written by Robert Browning, one of the greatest of English poets, who was born in England in 1812 and died in Italy in 1889. Almost all of his poems are beyond the understanding of children, but they will doubtless remember his "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Diamonds and Toads is translated from the French of Charles Perrault (1613–1688), who collected and wrote out the folk-stories of France, just as Andersen and Grimm did those of Denmark and Germany. It is interesting to note the similarity of this tale to the German story entitled "Mother Holle," and to the English story of "Cinderella."

Boys and Girls of Holland. This sketch sets before the American child as complete a contrast to his own life and surroundings as can well be imagined, while showing that the essential interests of child life are the same the world over.

The Leak in the Dike is the story of a little Dutch hero, who by his bravery saved the land of Holland from being flooded by the sea. A poem by Phœbe Cary, bearing the same title, tells the story in verse.

The Storks, The Flax, and **The Little Fir Tree** were written by Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875), a Danish author who wrote many delightful tales which have been translated for the children of all nations. Among the most familiar of

his stories are "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Little Match Girl."

Easter in Germany. The legend in this selection has some foundation in fact. It is given here to direct attention to the custom in Germany of celebrating Easter Monday. Stories of the same festival in other countries are also interesting. In our own land the principal observance of the day is at Washington, where the children invade the spreading lawns of the White House, playing games with colored eggs.

Mother Holle and **The Straw, the Coal and the Bean** were written by William Grimm (1786–1859), who collected and wrote out, with his brother's assistance, many of the folk-tales of Germany. It was a saying among the Germans, when it snowed, that Mother Holle was shaking her feather bed.

Boys and Girls of Japan gives a glimpse into the home life of this island across the seas, and should be supplemented by books and pictures collected by teachers and pupils.

The Doll Festival and **The Flag Festival** are not the only Japanese holidays, but they are the most important ones for the children, and they occur regularly each year, to the delight of the wee ones of this "flowery kingdom."

The Frog Travellers and **The Ape and the Crab** are Japanese fables, each with a moral which is not difficult to find. Note that they resemble Æsop's Fables in personifying animals and giving them human traits, in order to teach mankind a lesson. Compare "The Ape and the Crab" with the story of "The Fox and the Crow."

Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, was born in 1358 and died in 1423. The old legend which describes his trip to London to seek his fortune, which he found by means of his cat, must not be taken too seriously, as there is not much evidence that it is based on fact.

VOCABULARY

a bōde′, residence; dwelling place.
a būse′, ill treatment.
ăd mīr′ĭng, esteeming.
ăd vĕn′tūre, fortune; happening.
ăd vīsed′, counselled; cautioned.
ăl′phą bĕt, letters of a language arranged in order.
Al şāçe′, a province in Germany.
a māze′mĕnt, astonishment; surprise.
an′grў, vexed; provoked.
anx′ious (angk′shus), greatly troubled.
ap pēared′, became visible.
ăp prōach′, draw near.
a rĭth′mē tĭc, theory of numbers.
as sĕm′bleş, meets, comes together.
as sĭs′tąnçe, aid; help.
as sured (shörd′), asserted; promised.
at tĕn′tion (shun), observant care.
âu′tŭmn, the third season of the year.

băl′ąnçe, keep steady.
băm bōō′, a tall grass.
băt′tle dōre, a bat shaped like a racquet.
blăsts, sudden gusts of wind.
blā′zĭng, burning with a bright flame.
Brĭt′ĭsh, inhabitants of Great Britain.
bŭl′le tĭn, an official report.
bŭl′lĕt, a small leaden ball.

căb′ĭn, a hut; a cottage.
căb′ĭ nĕt, a chest provided with drawers.
ca năl′, an artificial waterway.
căp tĭv′ĭ tў, confinement; imprisonment.
căp′tūred, seized; took by force.
căr′gō, freight of a ship.
cärp, a fish.
çĕl ē brā′tion (shun), a ceremony; a festival.
çĕr′tāin lў, without doubt.
chăt′tĕred, shook; struck together rapidly.
chrўs ăn′thē mŭm, a flower.
çĭt′ĭzen, a native of a city or town.
clŏgş, a kind of thick-soled shoe.
clŭm′şў, awkward.
cŏl lĕct′, gather; recover.
co lō′nĭ ąl, belonging to a colony.
cŏl′ō nĭsts, inhabitants of a colony.
cōmbed, carded.
com păn′ĭon, a comrade; a mate.
com plāin′, find fault.
com plē′tĕd, finished; ended.
cŏm pō si tion (zish′un), a short essay.
cŏm′rădeş, intimate companions.
con fū′sion (zhun), tumult; disorder.
con sĕn′tĕd, agreed; gave assent.
con sĭd′ĕred, reflected; thought.
con tĕn′tĕd, satisfied.
cŏt′tāge, a small house.
cou′rāge, bravery; valor.
crăck′lĭng, snapping.
crouch′ĭng, bending; stooping.
crŭmbş, morsels; small fragments.
cū′rĭ oŭs, strange.
cush′ĭon, a pillow.

dān'ġēr ous, full of risk; unsafe.
dâugh'tĕr, a female child.
dâwned, grew light; appeared.
dē çī'dĕd, resolved; determined.
dĕc'ō rā tĕd, adorned; ornamented.
dē fēat', overthrow.
dĕl'ĭ cāte, dainty; delicious.
dē lĭght'fŭl, pleasing; charming.
dē pĕn'dĭng, relying.
dē prīve', take away.
dĕs troy', pull down; kill; lay waste.
dē vō'tĕd, set apart; given up to.
dĭf'fĭ cŭlt, hard; not easy.
dike, a wall of stone or earth.
dĭn'ġў, dusky; dull.
dĭs ap pēared', vanished from sight.
dĭs con tĕn'tĕd, dissatisfied; unhappy.
dĭs cov'ĕred, espied; found out.
dĭs like', hatred; aversion.
dĭs māy', trouble.
dĭs mĭssed', sent away.
dĭs plāyed', arranged; showed.
dĭs'tançe, remoteness.
dīved, plunged head first.
drowned, suffocated in water.

ēa'gēr lў, keenly; with zeal.
ĕar'then, made of earth; made of clay.
ēas'ĭ lў, without difficulty; with ease.
ĕd' ū cā tĕd, cultivated.
E'gўpt, a country in Africa.
ĕl'dēr, older.
ĕm broĭ'dēred, decorated with needlework.
ĕm'pēr ŏr, a sovereign; a ruler.
ĕm'prĕss, a woman who rules over an empire.

ĕn cămp', go into camp.
ĕn dūre', to bear with patience.
ĕn'e mĭes, foes.
ĕn'ĕr ġў, force; power.
ĕn'ġĭne, a machine.
ĕn tīre'lў, wholly; completely.
ē rĕc'tĕd, built; raised; set up.
ĕr'rand, an order; a message.
ĕs cāped', avoided; slipped away.
ĕs tăb'lĭsh, formed; organized.
ĕx ăct'lў, precisely; accurately.
ĕx'çel lent, superior; remarkably good.
ĕx chānġe', to change for something else.
ĕx clāim', cry out.
ĕx hâus'tĕd, weakened; wearied.
ĕx plāined', made plain; unfolded.

fa mĭl'ĭar, intimate; well acquainted.
far'thĭng, an English piece of money equal to one-fourth of a penny.
fâs'tened, united; tied; made firm.
fēar'lĕss, without fear; courageous.
fĕr'ule (öl), cane; ruler.
fēs'tĭ val, a celebration; a feast.
flăx, a plant from which linen is made.
flĭnt, a hard stone used for striking fire.
flŭf'fў, downy.
fŏr'eign (ăn), not native; alien.
fŏr'tū nāte, lucky; having good fortune.
fur nished (fĕr'nĭsht), fitted with furniture.
fur'nĭ tūre (fĕr), outfit; equipment.

găr'den ĕr, one who cultivates a garden.
gĭl'dĕd, covered with gold.
glāred, stared; gazed fiercely.
glēē'fŭl lў, happily; joyfully.

glĭt'tĕr ĭng, sparkling; glistening.
glō'rĭ oŭs, delightful.
gnâwed, bit off little by little.
grăd'ū al ly, step by step; slowly.
grāte'fŭl, pleased; thankful.
grēē'dy, selfish.
grēēt'ĭng, saluting; addressing.
grŭm'blĭng, scolding; complaining.
guĭ tăr', a musical instrument.

hăr'vĕs tĭng, gathering a crop.
heärth, part of floor just before fire.
hĕl'mĕt, defensive cover for the head.
hĕr'on, a long-necked wading bird.
hĭs'tō ry, a narrative of past events.
Hŏl'land, a country in Europe.
hŏm'ĭ ny, maize hulled and ground.

ĭ măġ'ĭne, suppose; fancy; think.
ĭm mē'dĭ āte ly, at once; without delay.
ĭm pŏs'sĭ ble, not possible.
ĭn clud'ĕd (clōd), contained; enclosed.
ĭn con vē'nĭent, not convenient; unfit.
ĭn dŭs'trĭ oŭs, busily occupied.

jĕal'oŭs, envious; suspicious.
jĕw el (jö'ĕl), a precious stone; a gem.
joŭr'ney, travel.

kĕr'nĕl, a grain of corn or grain; seed.
Kĭ ō'tō (Kē), a city of Japan.
knōll, a hillock.

lănd'scāpe, a view of rural scenery.
lăn'guage (gwāj), expression of thought.
lēar'nĕd, wise; possessed of knowledge.
lĕng'then, make long; extend.
lĭb'ĕr tỹ, freedom.
lĭs'tened, hearkened; gave ear to.
lōaves, a portion of bread or cake baked in one mass.
lōne'lỹ, sad; forlorn.
Lŏr rāine', a province in Germany.
lŭck'ĭ lỹ, fortunately.
lŭl'la bỹ, a cradle song.
lŭs'tĭ lỹ, vigorously; strongly.
lŭx'ū rỹ, extravagance; a dainty.

măg a zine', a pamphlet.
măj'ĕs tỹ, a title of address; royalty.
măn ū făc'tūre, to make; to produce.
mĕm'ō rỹ, recollection; power of remembering.
mĕr'chant, one who buys and sells.
mĭs tāke', an error; a blunder.
mōl'dĭng, forming; shaping.
mŭl tĭ plĭ cā'tion (shun), act of increasing in number.

năt'ū ral ly, ordinarily.
neigh'bor (nā), one who lives near another.
nĕt'tles, a plant covered with stinging hairs.
nō'tĭçed, observed; remarked.
nŭmb, deadened; powerless to feel.

ō bliġed', compelled; forced.
ŏc cā'sion ăl ly (zhun), at times; at random.
ŏf fĕn'dĕr, one who gives offence.
O zā'kā, a city in Japan.

păck'āġe, a bundle.
păd'dle, to row.
pāin'fŭl, distressing; full of pain.

pă pōōse′, an Indian baby.
păt′tĕn, a wooden shoe, a clog.
pāved, covered with blocks of stone or wood.
pĕaṣ′ạnt, a person living in the country.
pērch, to alight; to settle.
pēr mis sion (mĭsh′ŭn), consent.
pĭġ′eọn, a dove.
plāgue, severe trouble; epidemic.
plĕn′tў, abundance.
Plўm′oŭth, a town in Massachusetts.
pŏl′ĭsh, make smooth and glossy.
pō līte′, well-bred; courteous.
pos ses sion (pọ zĕsh′ụn), property.
pow′ĕr fŭl, strong; full of power.
prĭṣ′onĕr, a captive.
prō fes sion (fĕsh′ụn), calling; occupation.
prŏm′ĭse, assure; agree.
prŏp′ẽr, suitable; appropriate.
proud, haughty.
Prus sian (prŭsh′ạn), an inhabitant of Prussia.
pŭmp′kĭn, a vegetable.
pŭn′ĭsh, chastise.
pўr′ạ mĭd, a massive stone structure with sloping sides.

quĕs′tioned (chọnd), asked; inquired.

rāṣp′bĕr rў, a red berry.
rĕb′ĕl, one who resists authority or law.
rē çīte′, relate; tell.
rē frĕsh′ĕs, restores; revives.
rē mīn′dĕd, recalled; put in mind.
rē pēat′, say again; retell.
rē quīred′, obliged; ordered; needed.
rē spĕct′fŭl lў, with respect.
rĭb′bọn, a strip of silk, satin, or velvet.
rī′fle, a firearm.
rŭf′fled, drawn up in gathers.
rŭsh′ĕṣ, underbrush.
rŭs′tled, shook with murmuring sound.

săl′ạ rў, recompense; wages.
sām′plẽr, a piece of embroidery.
săn′dal, a kind of shoe.
săt′ĭs fied, contented; pleased.
săv′āġe, an uncivilized being.
sä yọn ä′rä, good-by.
sciṣ′sọrṣ, a small pair of shears.
sc̄ōl′dĕd, chid; rebuked.
scōōp, dig out; hollow out.
scôrched, singed, shrivelled.
scrēam′ĭng, crying loudly.
sĕp′ạ rāte lў, each by itself; apart.
sēr′pẽnt, a snake; a viper.
sēr′vĭçe, duty done; aid.
sĕt′tlẽr, one who settles in a new colony.
sē vēre′lў, strictly; sharply.
shăd′ōw, a reflected image.
shĕl′tẽred, covered; protected.
shĭl′lĭng, an English coin worth about twenty-four cents.
shĭv′ẽr ĭng, shaking; trembling.
shŭt′tle cŏck, a piece of cork in one end of which feathers are stuck.
sluice (slo͞os), a flood-gate.
snāre, a net; a noose, a spring.
spēar, a weapon.
spĕc′tạ cleṣ, a pair of lenses set in a frame adjusted to the eyes.
spĭn′dle, a part of a spinning wheel.
splĕn′dọr, glory; richness.
stĕal′thĭ lў, secretly.
stĭlt, a pole, a crutch.
strĕtch, extend; draw out.
strōked, smoothed; patted.

sŭb trăc'tion (shun), act of taking a part from the whole.
sŭc'cọ tăsh, a food made of corn and beans.
sŭd'den lў, quickly ; abruptly.
sŭg ġĕs'tĕd, hinted ; advised.
sŭr rĕn'dĕr, yield up ; give up.
swōllen, swelled.
swōrd, a weapon.

tal'lor, one who makes outer garments.
tăt'tẽrs, shreds ; rags.
tĕl'ē grăph, an apparatus for transmitting sounds.
tĭ'nĭ ĕst, smallest.
tọngue, language.
trăm'plĭng, treading under foot.
trăv'elled, journeyed.
trĭck'lĭng, flowing in a small stream.
tru ạnt (trö'), one who stays away without leave.

ŭn dẽr stōōd', comprehended.
ŭn fôr'tū nāte lў, unluckily.
ū'nĭ fôrm, a dress worn by members of an order.
ŭn ū'su ạl (zhö), not common ; rare.

vā cā'tion (shun), an interval ; a holiday.
văl'ĭạnt, strong ; brave ; courageous.
vĕġ'ē tạ ble, a plant to be eaten.
vĕn'tūre, chance ; event ; hazard.
vẽrb, a word denoting action or being.
vẽr'sẽs, poems ; stanzas.
vĕx, annoy ; tease.
vĭc'tō rĭes, triumphs.
vĭl'lăġ ẽr, one who lives in a village.
Vĭr gĭn'ĭ ạ, one of the United States.
vĭs'ĭt, call.
vive (vēēv), live.
vŏl ŭn tēēred', offered.
voy'āġe, journey ; travel.

wâm'pŭm, small shells used as money by Indians.
wân'dẽred, strayed.
whĭrled, turned rapidly.
whĭs'pẽred, spoke in a low voice.
wĭth'ẽred, shrivelled ; faded.
wọn'dẽr ĭng, thinking ; speculating.

yärn, a woollen thread.

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